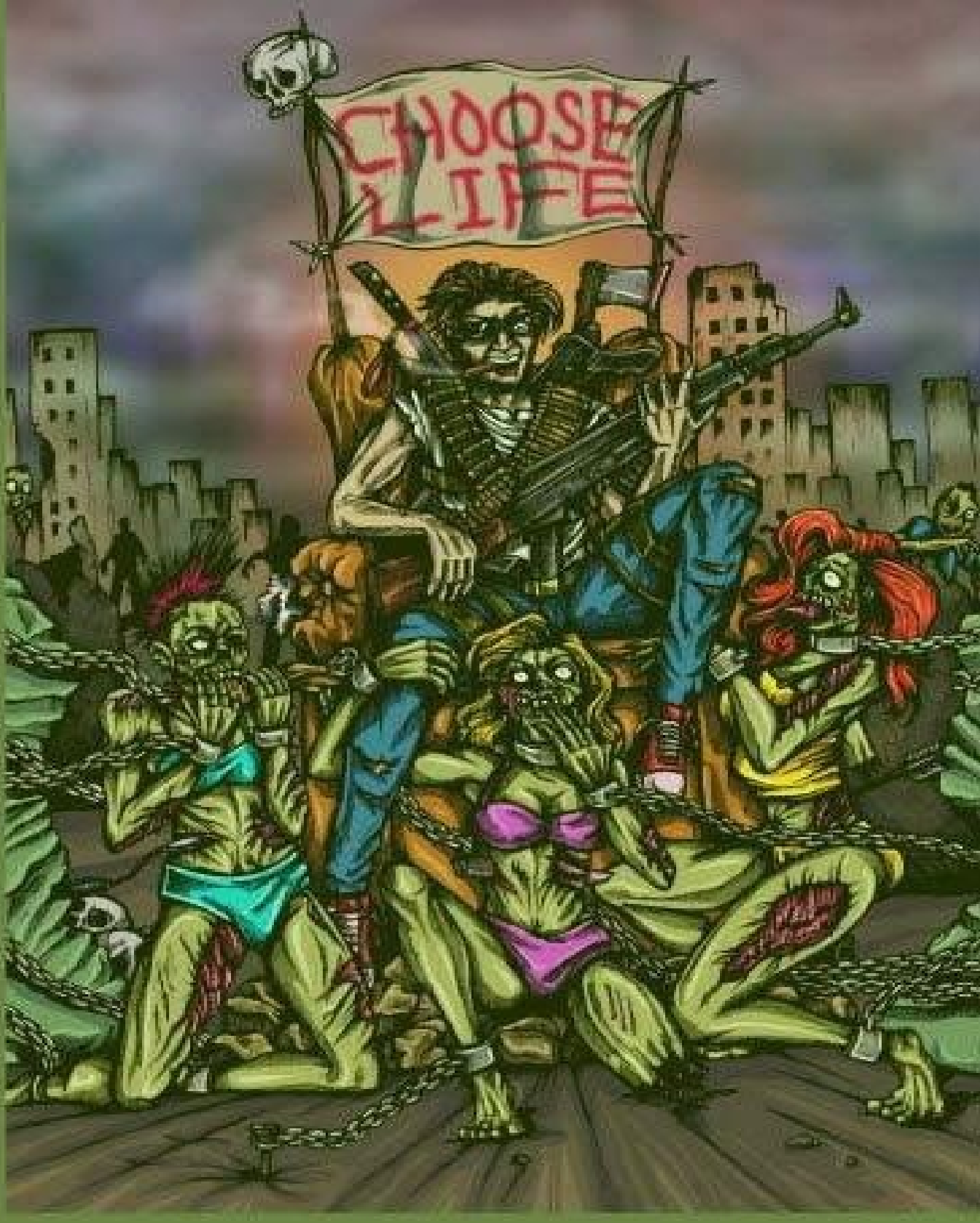
The Zombie Survival Guide



How To Live Like A King After The Outbreak

Etienne Guerin DeForest

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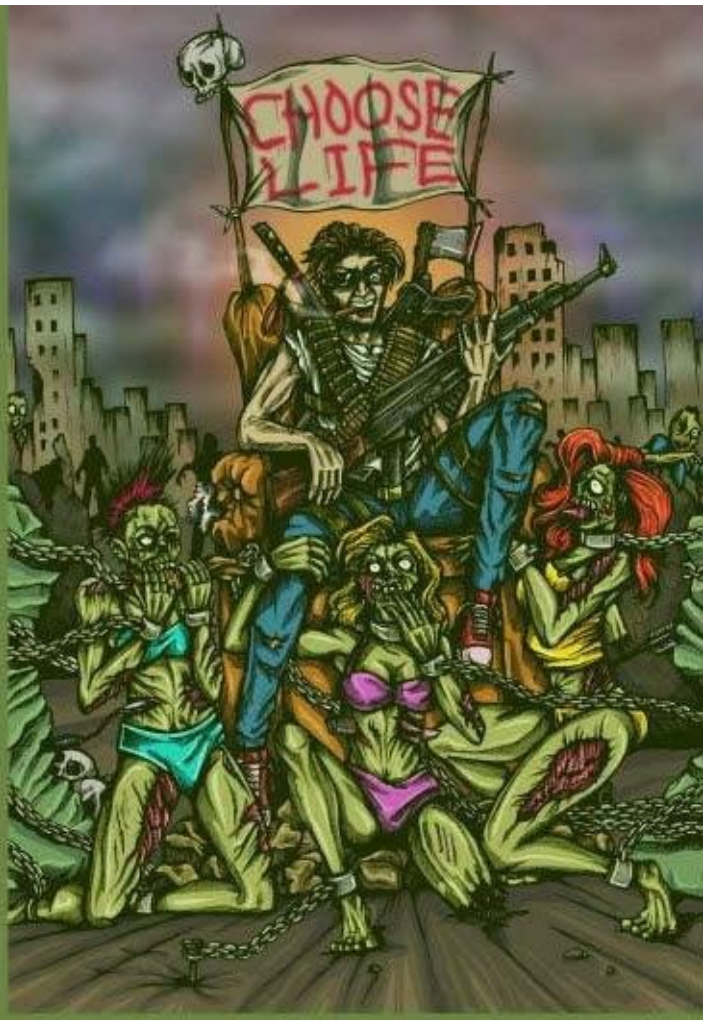

How To Live Like A King After The Outbreak

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The Zombie Survival Guide

How To Live Like A King After The Outbreak

by

Etienne Guerin DeForest

&

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Jamie Riehle (Blond)

Jarrett York Hoffman (Dude)
All other photography and illustrations are public domain

This book is dedicated to all the girls who let me sleep with them. This includes girls who let me sleep with them in the future. So if you're a girl and you want a book dedicated to you, please contact me.

For behind the scenes pictures and other merchandise please visit www.nxebooks.com

About the Author

Some say that Etienne DeForest (*deh-for-AY*, for all you non-frogs) is the baddest motherfucker on the planet, while most others agree that he is kind of puny and has poorly concealed homosexual tendencies.

Etienne was raised in a military compound, deep in the Rhodesian jungle, by a single father who commanded a squadron of mercenaries specializing in the suppression of frequent zombie outbreaks occurring in remote jungle villages.

When he was 14, the boy was awakened one night by the frantic retreat of soldiers fleeing a fight gone horrifically wrong. Only after hours of agonizing pleas for an answer to where his Papa was did the soldiers of fortune tell him: His father had been claimed by the undead. Drunk with blood lust at his news, Etienne slipped away from the compound and traveled to the village where his father was slain.

E.T. (as he was lovingly called by the soldiers) stepped coldly into the village, which was still rampant with zombies and fire when he arrived. He belted screams of African curses from the depths of his intestines, while tirelessly laying waist to the ghost-like creatures with the combined power of his grief, gunpowder, and steel.

All but one of the undead were left when the child ran out of ammo and angst.

As the last of the flesh-eaters approached, he recognized the monster to be his father. With tears cascading from his eyes he bellowed, “Daddy, why did you abandon me!” and proceeded to collapse what was once his father’s skull into paste with the butt of his shotgun.

The boy that arrived in the village that night to avenge his father's death died piece by piece with each creature he relentlessly executed. When the rest of the soldiers finally returned to avenge their comrades, they found only bludgeoned corpses and the silent shell that was once their beloved “E.T.” All of his innocence lost, what emerged from the jungle that night was not the same creature that entered. All that remained was a beast so full of hate that it could only consume raw meat, cooking it with the burning anger which came from within his stomach.

Editor’s note: Extensive biographical research into the author’s background has failed to provide any proof in support of his claims. He was not raised in the jungle, his father is still very much alive and well, and though he tried eating raw meat once, it only took that one time to teach him that it is never a good idea to try using your stomach as an oven. But he is rather puny. And he definitely wants to get with dudes.

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Introduction

If history has taught us anything, it is the fact that history has a tendency to repeat itself. Empires will rise and fall, plagues will decimate massive populations, and zombie outbreaks will destroy entire civilizations. The next zombie outbreak is coming, and therefore the purpose of this book is to prepare the reader for the inevitable. Do not be one of those people who think, “It won’t ever happen to me.”

It is going to happen to you, and unless you want to be holed up in some basement somewhere, shivering in horror as you watch the door slowly being torn apart by a never ending horde of flesh-eating monsters, with nothing to defend yourself with but a rolling pin and screams for mercy, then you’d better listen up!

You see, zombies have no mercy; they have no reasoning or logic at all. What they do have is a primal hunger for your brains. They will not retreat; they will constantly advance until they get their teeth into your brains, or until you destroy their rotten skulls with the elite zombie combat skills detailed in this must-read book.

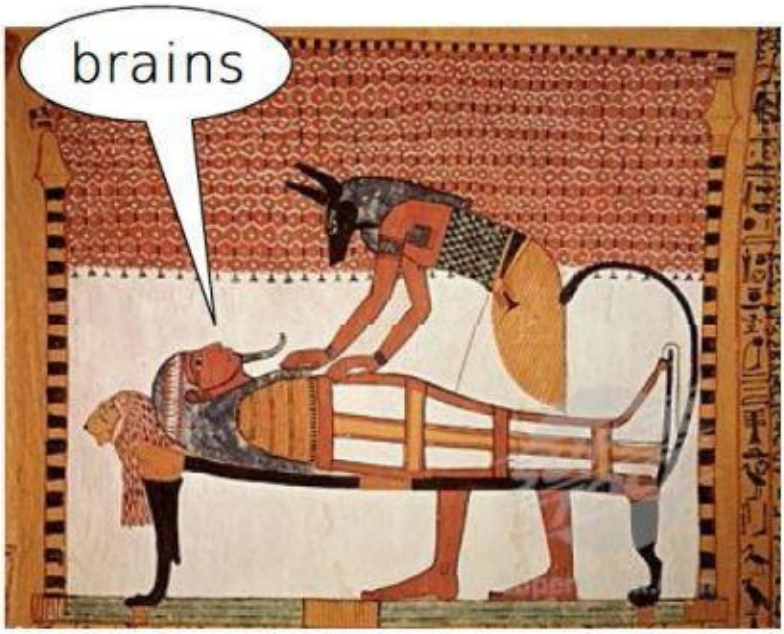
But this is not *just* a must-read book. Our very survival as a species depends on your ability to combat these man-eating zombie bastards, and if you only read one book that will give you the ability to do this, then this is the book that you’ll want to read. With this prerogative in mind, we now begin our foray into the history and habits of our undead adversaries, which will be followed by some helpful pointers for dealing with them when they finally come for YOU, which they most certainly will, especially if you don’t buy (and maybe read) this book.

Chapter 1

Zombie History

Egypt

When the first zombie outbreak occurred is a matter of contention in the field of zombology. However, most archeologists agree that the first documented case of zombie activity comes out of ancient Egypt. Some theorize that the pharaohs' obsession with eternal life was what brought about Mesopotamian zombism (and hence all zombism to follow), a theory that will be covered in more detail in Chapter 2.



Egyptian mummification process.

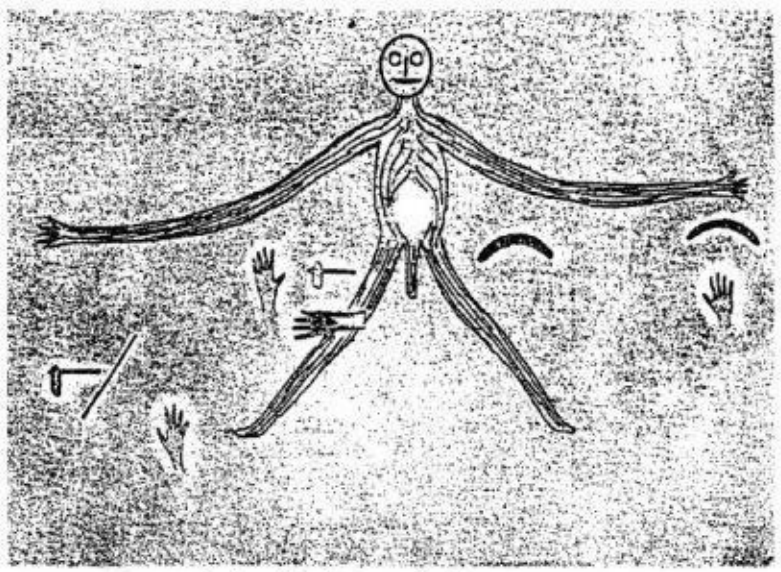
The hieroglyph pictured above was discovered in the Great Pyramid of Giza. Although its interpretation is still hotly debated, some archeologists claim that the ancients were trying to depict a mummy mumbling about “brains.” If you

look closely, there appears to be what some describe as a circle containing the word “brains” at upper left, and an arrow indicating its origin in the mummy’s mouth. It should be noted though that the American Institute of Archeologists dismisses this circle as a water stain.

The Great Pyramids were completed in 2,560 BC. The latest film in *The Mummy* series (starring Brendan Fraser) was completed in 2,008 AD. This tells us, if we accept the evidence, that zombies have been among us for over twenty-two millennia.

Australia

The next most recent depiction of zombiehood was discovered in Australia during the 19th century. Because the painting was created using non-organic material, accurate carbon dating of it is unfortunately impossible. When white people discovered this image, however, it wasn't so much its uncertain age that intrigued them the most, but rather the sheer size of "it." The image was quickly sketched so it could be analyzed further in an indoor environment, away from all the colored people.



Baiame cave sketch.

Back at home, the researchers quickly concluded that the painting was that of an aboriginal god, a mistake that some archeologists attribute to their jealously of the length and girth of the male sex glands commonly observed in the indigenous population. After all, if the original scholars could pass this painting off as a depiction of some form of deity, then they could all be much more confident and comfortable in saying "Oh, that's just a rumor…"

The truth is, it's not a rumor. Aboriginals have huge dicks, and this painting is of an aboriginal zombie. It is a well-known fact that zombies typically approach

with their arms outstretched toward their intended target. The arms in this painting may be disproportionately elongated in order to get that point across. Another indicator suggesting that this may in fact be a zombie is the presence of body parts, boomerangs, and primitive hammers in the space all around him. This painting may have been used as an educational tool, depicting how to spot a zombie assailant. The message is quite simple: If you see a naked guy feasting on body parts, arms outstretched toward you, run like hell and don't try to fight it. If you hit it with your boomerang and this has no effect, let the kangaroos deal with it and live to see another day.

Easter Island

Easter Island is also thought to be the site of an ancient zombie outbreak.

Easter Island was settled by Polynesians, who traveled there by ship from two other islands 3,200 and 2,600 kilometers away, between the years of 300 and 400 AD. These people were masters of the sea, and this was how they defeated their foe – by sailing away from them. Scholars debate when the actual outbreak occurred, but they all concur that it was well before the 16th century.

As legend has it, the ordeal began one night during a ritual sacrifice. A ravenous bonfire was set in the middle of the sacrificial grounds. In accordance with tradition, the dancers were locked in a cage for a week before the celebration, to fast and prepare themselves for their six hour dance around the fire, after which the best dancer would be sacrificed upon a stone altar.

To be sacrificed was a great honor, and was said to bring great luck and wealth to the family of the deceased. However, conditions within the cage were horrific at best. In this particular harvest year, while condensed together among rats and their own feces, this group of dancers all contracted zombism.

When released from what had become their tomb, the recently zombified dancers immediately attacked the unsuspecting crowd. What followed was a brief but intense melee between the tribe's warriors and the animated dancing dead. Think *Thriller* meets *Beat It* in a Pre-Columbian setting (with better costumes and choreography).

It was discovered during the fight that flame was the only way to keep the monsters at bay. Using this tactic, the warriors successfully corralled them into a circle and stoned the lot of them until they stopped moving. The "dead" undead were then thrown into the fire and the sacrifice was considered a success, as it was assumed that sacrificing multiple souls would make for an exponential blessing as well. But the true curse was only just beginning…

The following night, screams were heard from the homes of the warriors who had combated the creatures. By morning, the plague had spread throughout the populace and the island was overrun with flesh-eating monsters, all of them hell bent on smashing the heads of the living to devour their brains.

During the night and into the early morning, the ruler of the island had opened up his compound to the survivors. This practice was continued until it was discovered that those bitten by the beasts would eventually turn into monsters themselves. He then ordered the gates closed, thus sealing the fate those unfortunate enough to have survived outside of the compound. Those people, along with the zombies, were in for a fiery death.

Fortunately for those within the compound walls, their sanctuary was located near the naval pier. To the king and his advisers, the navy was the most important of all the military, for until that day, all other enemies had come from across the water.

With hordes of zombies at the gates, the king ordered the population evacuated to the neighboring islands, and it was during this exodus that the refugees discovered their enemy’s second weakness – water. As the infected began to turn in the boat, they were thrown overboard. And yet they didn't even try to swim; they simply sank while murmuring “brains” in some weird island language. Apparently, zombification entailed more than simply forgetting one’s table manners – recently zombified humans forgot how to swim as well!

The king and his elite guards defended the compound until it became apparent that the enemy was only growing in numbers, and that the zombie advance would never cease. When their defenses were finally breached, he made a bold decision. Rather than remaining in the compound, they would lay siege to the island from the sea. The king ordered his army into the boats and the island to be razed to the ground. What happened to them afterwards, no one knows. They were lost to the waves of time, leaving only their subjects to settle new shores.

There are no trees on Easter Island today. Many think that this was due to the deforestation which took place during the building of the iconic Moai, which have become synonymous with the island itself, but what they forget is the power of the great fire which removed all vegetation from the island to begin with. Remember that the brunt of the military had surrounded the island in boats,

and for three days they pelted it with fiery arrows, never letting the fire die out, not until the flames had exhausted every last bit of organic material. For a time, the inferno became so uncontrollable that not even a tsunami would be able to snuff it out. This was when the king decided to make his move.

Most of the undead were consumed in flames within a few hours. The remaining survivors, whose shelters had been engulfed in the fire as well, were pursued by the rest of the undead into the center of the jungle. Unknowingly, both the zombies and the people had locked themselves into a cremation furnace. The fire was said to burn for an entire lunar month, during which time the stench of rotten, roasting flesh never left the air.

However, a few straggler zombies still roamed the beaches, waiting for the humans in the water to return. Now with a more manageable foe, the king ordered his warriors to storm the beachhead. Upon landing, they attacked the enemy fiercely with their heavy stone clubs. The king ordered them to smash the heads of the enemy until there is no bone left, as this was the only thing that seemed to stop the dancers who started the pandemic.

Moai of Easter Island, Grim reminders of an epic zombie battle.

Once the fire had burned itself out, after nearly every living organism on the island had been destroyed, the king called his people home. It was then that he ordered huge stone heads to be erected as a symbol of victory, *and* as cryptic message to thoroughly stone the heads of all zombies, should they ever return.

Florida Keys

The most recent zombie outbreak to occur on United States soil happened on Labor Day, 1935, in the Florida Keys. On that day, what is recorded to be the most devastating hurricane in American history hit the string of islands off the coast of the Sunshine State. This was one of only three category 5 hurricanes to ever hit U.S. soil. According to government records, over 400 people were killed in its wake.

The truth, however, is that while the storm *did* kill a little over 200 people, (you guessed it) the *other* 200 were killed by zombies. As with most history taught in the classrooms of this nation, the *real* story behind this tragedy is stomach-turningly horrifying.

The day after the eye of the storm had passed over the keys, scores of dead floated up from the oceanic abyss, pussing and bloated in the salt water. Sharks had already done a decent job of trimming their flesh. As the hot Florida sun beat down upon them, the bodies of the dead began to split open and decay even more. Waste and debris from what were once thriving tourist towns had been scattered all over the islands. A plague of roaches and rodents followed shortly thereafter.

Camped out in the shelter of a large natural cave on one island happened to be several hundred badass World War I veterans, all of them part of a labor force commissioned by the Works Progress Administration. These were soldiers who had been unable to find work during of the Great Depression, but as a result of The New Deal, they'd recently been put to work on whatever infrastructure projects the government could come up with. This particular project happened to be U.S. Highway 1.

Although decommissioned, these were still soldiers, and when tragedy struck

they acted the part. Early in the chaos, the workers who were formally high ranking officers took command. They fashioned together shelters and a break wall from the debris and bodies of the island's rich tourists and residents found floating in the floodwater. Although dreadful and uncomfortable, the night passed. It was far from the worst night these men had seen.

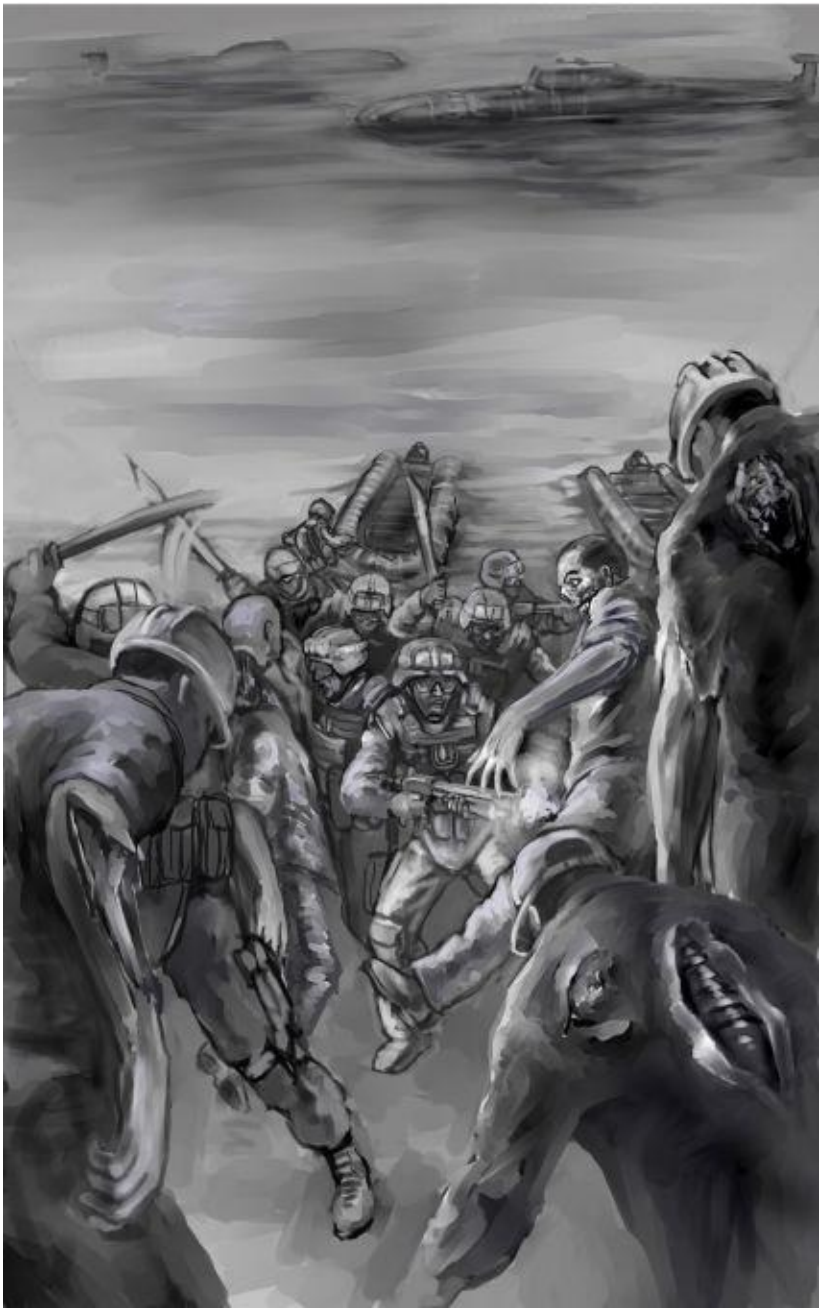
The next day the soldiers found themselves cut off from the mainland, after the railroad car that was used to transport people back and forth from the keys had capsized during the storm. As a result, they had no choice but to wait for the Coast Guard to arrive and complete their evacuation. All of their rations had been lost to the ocean and the other animals, so the only thing left to eat was trash, rats, and decaying bodies. Combined with the lack of fresh water, these men, hard as they were, were now in serious trouble, and about to contract zombism.

When the Coast Guard finally arrived, they were too late. Mistaking the zombified veterans for marooned, disillusioned citizens, they quickly rushed to help them, only to be consumed by the animated corpses in the process. With no idea how to combat zombies, seasoned veteran zombies, or anything else for that matter (remember that this is the *Coast Guard* we're talking about here), all of their men were quickly annihilated. They did, however, manage to radio a distress call back to headquarters before the last of their greenhorn, candy-assed recruits were turned into zombie kibble.

Because the radio chatter was so violent and disturbing, the mysterious message swiftly made its way to the Commandant of the Eastern Coast Guard. The Commandant, being a four-star admiral, was already privy to the existence of zombies - a result of his many military campaigns around the world. Knowing full well the level of risk involved, he called upon the only people he considered tough enough to handle the job.

When the Marines arrived they were ready. 400 of them disembarked the destroyer in rubber rafts, each one armed with an ounce of cocaine, a high-capacity combat shotgun, 150 deer slugs, a razor sharp machete, and strict orders to "Blow the fucking heads off of every last fucking one of them!" The zombies didn't stand a chance. While the general blared classical music upon the battlefield to boost morale, the Marines stormed the beach and "blew the fucking

heads off of every last fucking one of them” in a matter of just a few short hours.



Toward the end of the invasion, there were unconfirmed reports of the marines “fight fucking” the last of the better-preserved zombies. It was after this rather

embarrassing moment in U.S. military history that the use of cocaine was strictly banned from all zombie warfare.

After the fighting was over, the bodies of the dead were thrown into a pit and burned. The government informed the masses that the bodies had to be incinerated because they constituted a malaria threat, or that they were so rotten that they could not be transported, or that they had lost the bodies altogether. It simply did not matter, as long as the truth was kept secret.

Chapter 2

The Origin of Zombies

Because zombies are notoriously difficult to converse with, combined with their tendency toward accelerated decay upon infection, nobody really knows what the exact cause if zombism is. The theories that follow are just that - theories. The so-called “Big Bang” theory may be the theory that makes the most sense to people today, as most scientists concur that it is the best explanation for the creation of the universe we have come up with so far, but that is not to say that it has been *proven*.

There was also a time when most scientists agreed that the world was flat. So, as with any theory, none of what’s written here should be taken at face value. Simply choose the theory that makes the most sense to you, based on whatever preconceptions you have, cling to it with all your might, and prepare to have it debunked. Whether or not you choose to relinquish your hold on it after that is your right as an American citizen.

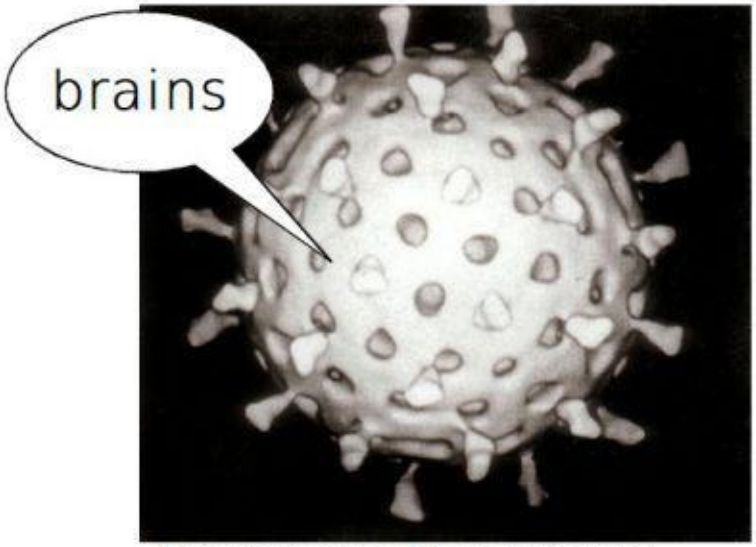
Another difficulty in the field of zombology is that many “scientists” do not even believe that zombies exist. Oddly enough, there are no published theories on the subject that the scientific community accepts. It is *this* author’s theory, however, that this results from a concerted effort by the Jews, Southern Baptists, and national governments of the world who, for some reason, it seems, wish to cover up and deny the existence of zombism altogether. As a result, we the people are left ignorant, left to repeat history over and over again as each new outbreak occurs. What remains a mystery, though, is where zombies ultimately come from. The remainder of this chapter will be devoted to answering this question.

Natural Origins of Zombism

The following section will examine some of the natural causes of zombism, or, more specifically, causes that can be explained through biological or other

natural phenomena.

Viral or Bacterial Infection



Artist rendering of the zombie virus.

The theory of biological zombism relies on the premise that zombies contract their disease through some sort of pandemic outbreak, much like a virulent strain of influenza, which can spread quite rapidly from birds, pigs, and other organisms into the human population. If this theory is true, then a new strain of zombism could rapidly zombify the entire world, in the absence of a proper vaccine.

Researchers have been looking for such a vaccine for the better part of the last century, and though there have been some promising strides toward this goal, it has never been easy finding human subjects willing to test the vaccine out. In fact, it has been suggested that many of the zombie outbreaks of the 20th century were directly caused by this type of biological meddling (see *Resident Evil 1, 2 , 3, 4, & 5*. Capcom; 1996-2008).

Still, on the whole, zombie outbreaks throughout history have tended towards relative containment. This is more than likely due to the rapid onset of zombism,

which completes its course in 23 hours at most, and the slower speeds of travel people had to endure before the 20th century. Think about how fast a zombie outbreak could explode in today's world of bullet trains and Twitter!

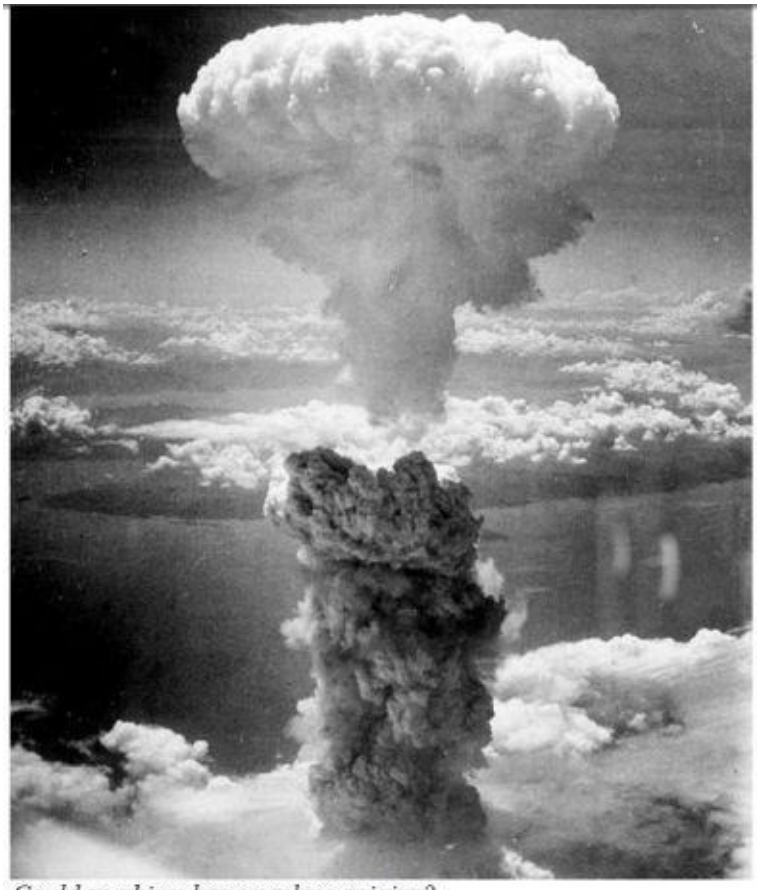
The point here is that, for most of human history, zombie outbreaks tended to occur on the local level and were often put down easily enough through quarantines and mass extermination measures. Under this scenario, a few people may end up having a natural immunity to the disease, but the rest of the people in the immediate vicinity are usually basically screwed.

Another biological theory holds that it was some form of blood-borne virus that affected a transition from some other lifeform to the human species. Just as AIDS was a virus that may have jumped from monkeys to humans, the zombie virus may have originated in some other creature as well (see *Dead Alive*, directed by Peter Jackson; 1993). I would personally like to thank the monkey fucker who blessed the world with (maybe both!) of this/these wonderful disease(s).

Theoretically, because zombism requires blood-to-blood contact for infection to occur, its spread would be slower and more easily containable. Then again, when a zombie covered in their own zombie blood, and the blood of other zombies, is in the process of "mingling" this with the blood inside of you, it is probably a little too late to start thinking about using protection!

More often than not, rats, or some other filthy creature (possibly Marv Albert) are the likely host whenever humans contract this horrifying condition. This theory is one of the most commonly accepted among those rogue scientists who accept the possibility of zombism. I'm not totally sure where I'm going with this though… Errr… Alright, next theory!

Radiation



Could zombism have nuclear origins?

Ah, nuclear radiation - what a wonderful byproduct of human ingenuity. Not only did we create a weapon so powerful it could vaporize entire civilizations, but its byproduct causes the dead to animate and hunger for our brains. Okay New Mexico, let's have a look at your resume... I see here you invented weapons of mass destruction, embrace earth invading aliens, and cause zombie outbreaks… Oh, and it says here that you are also responsible for Mexicans "taking our jobs." You're hired!

In the comic book world, super heroes and super villains obtain superpowers when they come into contact with this amazing glowing ooze. Although radioactive waste is wonderful in the fantasy world, the truth is that coming into contact with high levels of radiation will not endow you with Hulk's magnificent green physique when you get angry; you will more closely resemble the Toxic

Avenger and you will spend the rest of your miserable life in a trailer park raising your fat, unemployed, white trash wife's bastard children. *Do not* intentionally roll around in green glowing ooze unless you are already married to a trailer ogre and already want to kill yourself!

Though the source of unending entertainment value in movies and comic books, particularly those produced during the so-called “Cold War” (when nuclear concerns were “Hot” to say the least), radiation is actually quite low on the list of possible causes of zombism. For one, the rate at which radiation can be spread from person to person is much slower than required for most rampant zombie onslaughts. If you come into contact with a stockpile of radioactive waste, chances are that you will not turn into a superhero or a zombie. However, you will die, probably quite painfully, or best case scenario, have retarded kids.

Nanobots

Nanobots are microscopic machines created in some research lab somewhere, typically by an evil corporation of sorts, that is (supposedly) trying to cure cancer. Their ultimate goal, however, is usually more along the lines of creating the ultimate soldier, or for impairing human conscience and morals for the purpose of producing faithful worker drones and sex slaves. These nanobots are injected into the bloodstream and neural pathways of test subjects who believe that the tiny gremlins are actually going to *help* them. And while the first few batches of test subjects usually die from the havoc these machines typically wreck on organic systems, the last batch of test subjects typically contracts zombism. The scientists prepare the recently deceased for autopsy, but I’ll be a sonofabitch if the bodies don’t turn into reanimated, brain eating butt-fuckers each and every time!

I can picture it now – some hotshot doctor, with a veritable bowl of alphabet soup following his name, is leaning over the naked cadaver of an about-to-be zombie when he is distracted by its phenomenal boobage. Still mesmerized by the “ones” (BIG ones) before him, he does not notice the eyes of the corpse flutter open and a blind look of rage begin to form on its grotesque face.

Looking over his shoulder to see if his peers are in the room, before succumbing to his primal need to give those babies a nice long squeeze, he hears the faint murmur, “brainnns…” which causes him to quickly turn his head while

simultaneously moving his lab coat over his crotchal region. But it is already too late. Before the sick bastard can even zip back up, the monster has both of its hands on his cranium, thrusting his face toward its jaws to take a nice big bite full of the doctor's brilliant, but tragically perverted brain. Soon after, what was once a lab for scientific research becomes ground zero for an apocalyptic zombie outbreak from hell.

Nanobots are actually very similar to viruses in some ways. Like viruses, they are programmed to attack certain cells in the human body (i.e., cancer cells) and rampantly reproduce themselves. Also, these marvels of modern medicine are often forged from organic material, so the human body does not so easily reject them.

One important point of derision: This scenario, though highly plausible in zombie outbreaks of the near future, does nothing to explain zombie outbreaks of the distant past. Unless we are willing to believe that aliens came down from outer space in order to help the ancient Egyptians build nanobots *as well* as the Great Pyramids, then we should do well to remain skeptical of this theory. But here we are back at the Egyptians…

Egyptians

As discussed earlier, the Egyptian pharaohs were *obsessed* with the afterlife. Evidence of this can be seen in their monolithic tombs, whose sole purpose was to house their souls (and the souls of anyone else rich enough to have one) in the spiritual realm.

Their understanding of science was not limited to engineering, however. Archeologists have unearthed evidence of prosthetic surgery along with the infamous mummies. The ancient Egyptians' understanding of anatomy and how the various systems of the human body interact far surpassed that of all others in the ancient world. The ancient Egyptian priests were given the task of discovering a fountain of youth, granting the earth-walking gods immortality on this mortal plane as well.

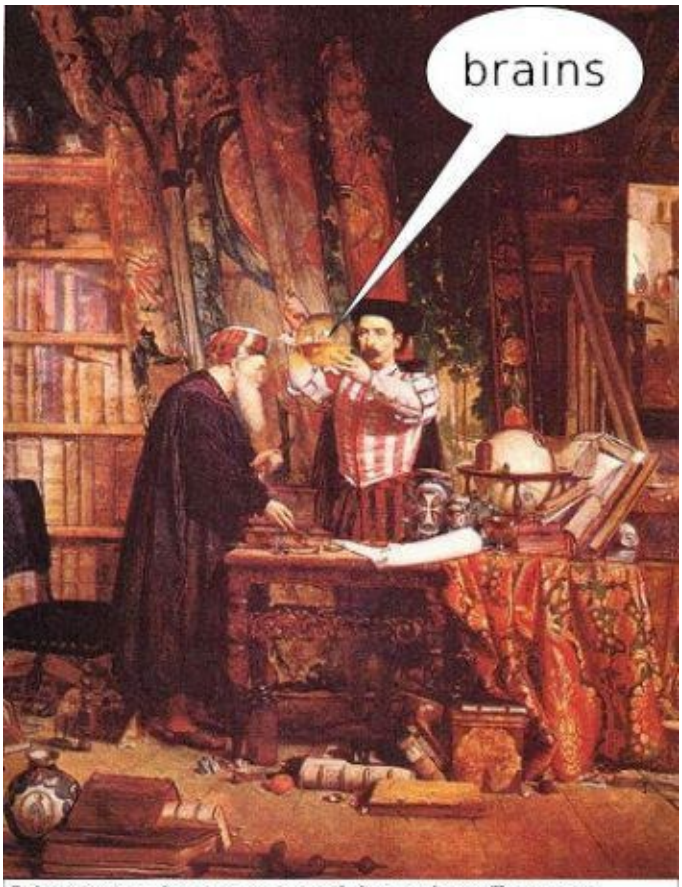
It is theorized that the priests succeeded in the demands put upon them by the rulers of ancient Egypt, in a sense... The removal of all internal organs, the embalming process using salt and other curing methods, the layers upon layers of bandages necessary to hold the body together – taking all of these constraints into account, the "youth" that the pharaohs found themselves in probably more closely resembled a sandpit than any kind of fountain they'd ever seen.

There are several documented cases of mummies wandering around at night strangulating unsuspecting townsfolk for no apparent reason. It is plausible that the newly mummified pharaohs were simply pissed off about the way that their "immortality" panned out, and had resorted to blindly groping around, just trying to get their hands on the assholes who had done so well at botching the job. However, it is also plausible that the mummies were not in fact attempting to strangle civilians, but rather grasping at their victim's necks for the purpose of securing their heads before devouring their brains. Unfortunately for them, however, because the bandages were so tightly wound, they were never able to take a single bite.

Did the pharaohs unknowingly curse themselves with zombism in their quest for immortality? Did the priests accidentally create zombism and intentionally inhibit its spread by tightly binding the head and jaw of the mummies? The

world may never know. After all, there is not much evidence to prove this theory, but there is also little evidence to disprove it. That makes it as good as any other, I guess…

Alchemy



Oil painting depicting one of the earliest European zombification/penis enlargement potions.

During the time of the Renaissance, science and art were able to flourish together in one harmonious union. With aristocrats and government officials finally willing to say “fuck you” to the Vatican (at least behind its back), thanks to Martin Luther and his Protestant revolution, the Europeans commissioned the most educated and enlightened among them to create new works of aesthetic and technological wonder.

One of the most popular scientific endeavors of the time was the quest to convert lead into gold through alchemy – the body of arcane knowledge which sought wisdom and immortality for man through pre-modern science. Although

practiced by ancient civilizations such as the Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, and Persians, the Catholic Church's medieval dominance over Europe led to the practice being outlawed as witchcraft. Science and art had traditionally suffered severely under this theocracy.

During the Renaissance, however, many of these ancient secrets were rediscovered. Men with the fashion sense of “The Artist Formerly Known as Prince” tirelessly poured their knowledge into alchemy and the development of big ruffled pirate shirts and ridiculously tight pants designed to flatter their junk. It was also during this period that the first documented case of male “stuffing” was recorded – an unfortunate consequence of white people having such small members. A century or two later, during the French Revolution, Louis the 16th would enter history as the first “member” to be sentenced to death via guillotine. According to most history books, his “head” was ordered to be “whacked off” for the crime of false advertising.

As can be inferred from the example above, the Renaissance and its aftermath were also a time of conflicts both domestic and international. For example, the pasty men in charge of Europe had few peaceful interactions with the darker tribes of other continents, mostly as a result of their embarrassment regarding their own members in comparison to those commonly observed in the African population. Although unconfirmed, it is rumored that the Crusades were a direct result of the fear that these colored people would have sex with white women. As a result, the Europeans attempted to inflict genocide upon their well-endowed neighbors to the south and east.

Incidentally, the development of natural male enhancement (that didn’t involve a giant codpiece) was probably second only to discovering the philosopher’s stone on the list of alchemy’s ultimate goals.

Alchemy may in fact have been the root of the western world's first zombie outbreaks. While sifting through texts composed by the ancient Egyptians, it is possible the alchemists recreated zombism in their overzealous aspirations to create more monstrous dongs for themselves.

It is highly feasible that some girl pants-wearing scholar, translating ancient scrolls late one night, accidentally stumbled upon the recipe for just such a potion after coming across a passage loosely translated into Latin as “Animal

fuck like beast.” Sending a message to his muse to “come hither,” he anxiously prepared the miasma, unknowingly unleashing a new plague upon his fellow countrymen.

Maybe the church didn't oppress science because it was simply fearful of losing followers to an educated populous. Perhaps the Vatican already knew what consequences this scientific revolution would bring, trying unsuccessfully to protect the people against the evils that such knowledge would inevitably spawn. After all – war, hatred, and greed have created more scientific advances than peace probably ever will. In any event, it wasn’t until after their first attempts to create longer, stronger members for themselves that the alchemists learned what can happen when you screw around with nature – Big-dicked flesh-eating maniacs on the loose across Asia, Africa, and now Europe as well!

Nazis

Although portrayed throughout American pop culture as the dimwitted adversary to American moral and technological superiority, the truth is that Hitler was an evil genius hell bent on something much larger than simple world domination. Had he not been susceptible to drug addiction, and – toward the end of his Russian campaign – sleeping until the late afternoon, he may have actually achieved his goals. It is a good thing for the Western World that he was too high and out of his mind most of the time to focus his minions on further expanding his world conquest. Instead, while Albert Einstein was busy building us the H-bomb, Hitler directed his best scientists to concentrate on paranormal research.

Although the red suspender-sporting, bald head-having “Nazis” of today – dumb asses who still believe the hateful rhetoric Hitler once spewed – may have the intelligence of zombies, they are not to be confused with the walking dead. They are simply morons who are infuriated with their illegitimate fathers, and do not understand how to redirect their anger into a positive outlet.

It is a well-documented fact the Hitler's scientists and archeologists were quite prolific in their search for answers to life’s many mysteries. It is plausible that they stumbled upon the answer to the ultimate mystery – death – in the process.

Once the secrets of undeath were unlocked, the Nazi scientists quickly discovered (strangely arousing, I must admit) scat-based porn as well. They tried desperately to construct a ballistic missile capable of delivering this dual plague of shieser films and zombism to the United States. However, by this late stage in the game, their efforts were all for naught. Their Russian front had long since collapsed and Stalin's army was beginning to advance upon them. After this, combined with the tenacious advance of the Allied troops, Hitler knew that he was all but defeated. With the zombie pathogen not yet perfected, Hitler decided in his final days that the only hope for realizing his glorious “5,000 Year Reich” was exposing the Hitler youth to Germany’s second greatest weapon yet developed: Techno music.

The Russians were already familiar with the bass pounding, dance-inducing music commonly heard in the Nazi training camps. They were afraid of it, and

for good reason – many of their most hardened soldiers had already been lured away by this siren song, trading their uniforms for assless chaps and disappearing into the winter woods for shirtless dance-offs with tutu-wearing “bears” – the true reason behind the exceptionally high casualty rate experienced by the Russian army during World War II. The few capable soldiers who proved immune to this threat hoped that defeating Hitler would also result in the defeat of this new gay sound that he’d cruelly unleashed. But although Hitler finally did give in and kill himself, saving his enemies the trouble of doing it for him, he ultimately triumphed in his final campaign to pussify the rest of the world through music that made Auschwitz look like a daycare center.

Still, it took generations for the booty shaking beats of Nazi techno music to take hold of the post-war population. It all started with disco and the electric slide a few decades later, and though punk rock came along in the mid nineteen-seventies to at least partially stem the tide, by the later nineteen-eighties (after *everyone* started listening to Depeche Mode), the onslaught could no longer be withstood by the youth of the world. On every continent, this electronic infestation insidiously worked its way through popular music to eventually convert nearly every musician into an anemic, talentless spaz or a blonde, overly sexualized teenage girl. To top it all off, their “music” was no longer played by musicians at all, but by the superior synthesizers invented by Germans. Hitler’s revenge was complete.

The Third Reich, though close, never did manage to infect anyone with zombism. It did, however, manage to infect succeeding generations of the Allied and Russian troops' children with a much more horrifying affliction, hypnotizing them to the point where their herky-jerky dance moves almost resembled the writhing of zombies. Perhaps the last laugh (for now anyway) is that this aural plague has succeeded in pussifying its listeners to the point where they will be completely unable to resist the impending Fourth Reich, when it finally comes, with its even more irresistible dance tunes and male leather fashions.

Parasites

Most scientists who accept the possibility of zombism believe it to be caused by something much more pedestrian than effeminate alchemists or outright homo Nazis – parasites. Parasites have adapted over the ages to direct a multitude of functions from within countless host organisms. In the case of zombism, advanced parasites seek to control the host's mind and body in an effort to perpetuate its own growth and reproduction, causing the host to ignore its own needs and blindly serve its master. Listed below are several examples of zombism that already occur in nature due to parasites.

Zombie Crabs

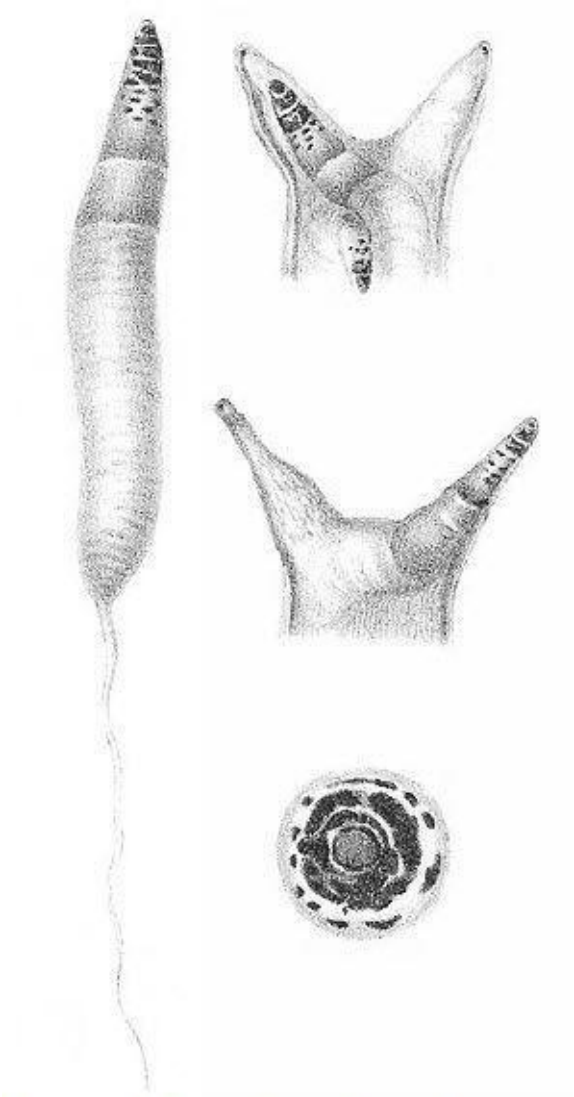
Sacculina Carcini is a virus that infects male crabs, and is a horrific example of crustacean zombism. The parasite in its larval form resembles a slug. When it encounters a host later in its development, it attaches to the crab's exoskeleton and burrows it way through this natural armor. Upon infection, the one-time "man's man" of a crab loses all ability to think for itself (much like a zombie, or a woman). This emasculating parasite even goes so far as to sterilize the male and enlarge its sacculina, completely changing its overall gnarly body structure, giant virile claws and all, to more closely resemble that of a voluptuous female.

In human terms, the male crab grows a nice rack. The parasite then causes the once masculine crab to turn gay crab and perform the female mating dance. Though lacking the beauty and grace of the actual female performance, this is enough to entice all of the loser, mateless male crabs in the area to approach. This enticement is similar to the trance I myself have fallen under (with the aid of triple-thick beer goggles, of course) before approaching rather manish-looking fat chicks at the bar in the hopes of "mating" with whatever was available. However, humans only have to wake up the next morning and hope that their friends and/or girlfriend don't catch wind of the event. In the crab world, the transvestite male crab will have impregnated you with parasite larva. And with no crab health clinics to help you, you will be doomed to grow a fantastic set of your own, get pumped by some other loser man crab, and begin the cycle of gay, parasiste-controlled, zombie crab sex all over again.

Snail Zombies

Leucochloridium Paradoxum, what a sight for sore eyes… This particular zombism-inducing parasite has adapted a particularly clever strategy in its efforts at self-replication. Though birds usually serve as its primary host, this parasite causes no harm to the organism carrying it through this part of their lifecycle, beyond sharing in the consumption of its food. The only side effect of this infection, as far as the lucky avian host is concerned, is that all other birds in the vicinity will typically become jealous of its new and apparently effortless slim, model-like look. The larvae of its little “weight-loss secret” are then transmitted to the next host through the half-digested feces of the infected bird.

What happens in between is a food-chain waiting game. After enough time has passed (it takes awhile), a snail will inevitably come along to absorb the nutrients from the bird's droppings. Once the slug unwittingly devours the dormant larvae within, its death becomes instantly imminent. Forgetting its natural tendency to remain hidden in the foliage and underground, the snail is mentally manipulated by the parasite to remain out in the open, on top of rocks on the limbs of trees, where it is easily consumed by another bird.



Leucochloridium Paradoxum
The snail zombie.

Having reached adulthood, the parasite bores its way through the digestive cavity of the snail and into one of its eye stalks. It then protrudes itself out through one of the eyes and takes on the appearance of a delicious worm, as irresistible as the sirens of Homer's Odyssey. As if the snail weren’t appetizing enough to our feathered friends already, this parasite ensures its continued evolution by making the snail doubly delectable to its prey. When the lucky bird finally swoops down to consume its worm and snail sandwich, the seeds are shortly sewn for the next round of parasitic infection.

Rat Zombies

Toxoplasma Gondii is a very small, almost microbial parasite that is commonly found is the guts of cats. Like *Leucochloridium Paradoxum*, it causes little damage to its primary host. Also like its snail-infesting counterpart, it has difficultly spreading itself directly from primary to primary (i.e., cat to cat) without the use of an intermediary.

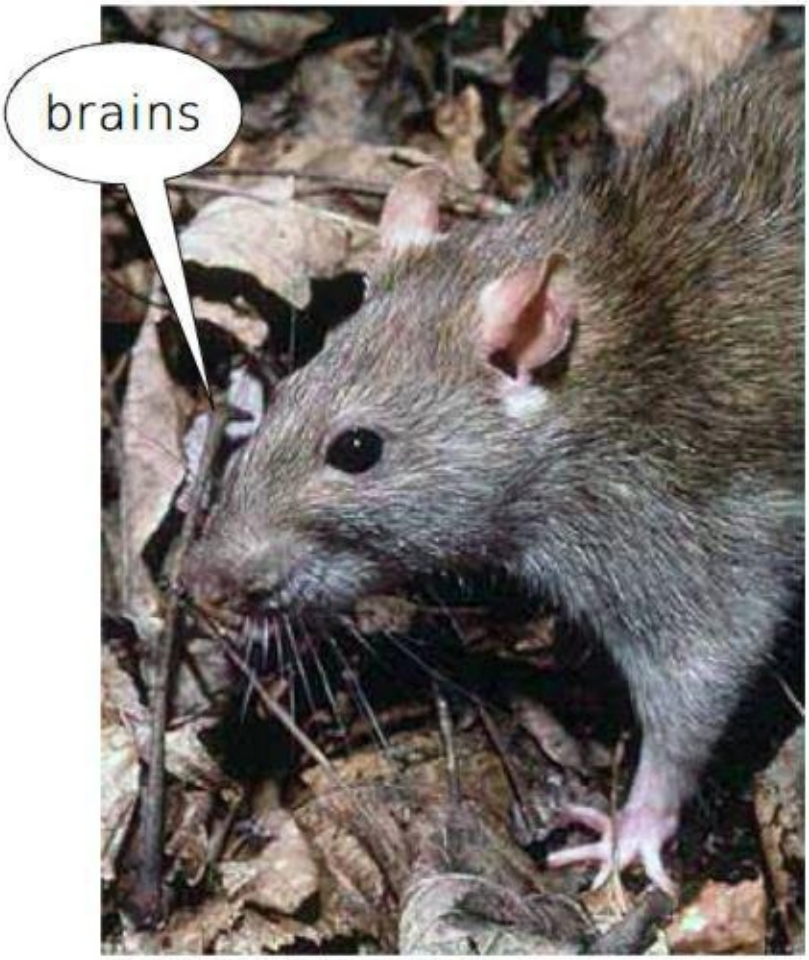
Traveling from one cat's shit to another cat's mouth, usually in a shared litter box situation, is one way that this parasite can bypass its intermediary. Usually, however, the eggs within the stool are picked up first by rats and mice, who also eat cat shit, apparently, and are then eaten by another cat from the next alleyway down the street, who passes its feces on to the next hungry animal to become a pawn in this deadly game of literal cat and mouse.

In a recent laboratory study of rats, an interesting phenomena was discovered. While most rats instinctively avoid any area with the stench of cat urine, rats infected with this parasite habitually ignored this natural defense, and in fact seemed to deliberately seek out and venture into known cat pissing grounds, unphased and even seemingly attracted by the aroma of their natural adversary's excrement. This additional example of zombie mind-control allows the parasite, fully incubated in the bowels of cats and rats alike, to rampantly spread through the feline species who prey upon infected rodents.

What is also interesting is that this parasite easily mutates, due to its microbial simplicity, and has been known to infect *Homo sapiens* as well. Only mildly harmful to its primary human host, it is, however, commonly accepted by the scientific community that the parasite may cause mild schizophrenia in the young of those infected.

Although still a theory, it is accepted as truth by many scientists who believe in zombism that large dosages of this parasite can cause an otherwise normal human to long for brains like rats and mice long for cat shit. These humans have the propensity to become carriers as well, thus inducing yet another potential zombie outbreak. This scenario would most likely be due to the parasite's easily adaptable microbial state, coupled with the unusually large intake of cats and

rats in the diet of many Asian cultures around the world. And also all the mouse and rat shit commonly found in cheap, buffet style restaurants, making Caucasian highly susceptible as well.



Rat Zombies - Cute, but deadly.

Supernatural Origins of Zombism

The realm of the supernatural is occupied by strange beings and lost souls, and it is represented here on the earthly plane of existence by heretics, witches, and warlocks. Contrary to what some may think, it is an evil, dark-sided, and altogether un-Christian (did I mention evil?) world, and if an unclean soul dares to enter, it can quickly be consumed by the black armies within.

Not the black army of the RUF, or Revolutionary United Front, that was funded by Western nations as a hands off, “I didn't do it” response to the genocide in Sierra Leone. No, I'm speaking of the black army prophesied in ancient scriptures - an army of disenfranchised, undead, merciless killers. In retrospect, the black army is actually quite similar to the RUF, them and the army from *Army of Darkness*.

Voodoo/Santeria

Voodoo and its close cousin Santeria were the direct result of Catholic “missionary” work gone horribly wrong. No, not priests teaching little boys the missionary position, and then getting sued by the little brats years later (even though they probably liked it). No, something far worse than even that. While “converting” the slaves they brought over to the Americas from Africa, Catholic missionaries actively forced their *religion* upon the captives with whips, chains, humiliation, and mutilation. And *those* folks are *still* waiting for *their* reparations!

As a result of this coercion, the captives changed the names of their own gods to match the names of the approximate saints from the Catholic pantheon. This allowed the slaves to appease their masters while at the same time hang onto a vestige of their roots. Consequently, after many severe lashings and other forms of brutal punishment, what was once a religion of largely peaceful, nature-loving deities was converted into dark and dangerous group of spirits, or “loa,” willing and able to curse any living creature with the same hell that their subjects suffered in. At least that was the way their European masters saw things…

The perpetual beatings and torture by their new white masters spawned the

mysterious religions of Voodoo and Santeria. Consumed with hatred for their masters, the collective psyche of the slaves gave them power in the face of insurmountable oppression. The holy men and women among them were able to curse their masters with bad breath, impotence, and even smaller penises than the ones they already had. Through the collective belief that, if willed strongly enough, they could win in their struggle for freedom, the slaves granted themselves a very powerful magic.

Religious theologians (are there any other kind?) hypothesize that the oppressed populous was able to believe so strongly, with the most powerful emotions of hope and hate, that their priests and priestesses were able to gain unique physical and spiritual powers. One of these was the ability to inflict pain and disease upon their enemies with dolls made to resemble the intended victims, usually composed of their hair, nail clippings, clothing, or other personal belongings. Incidentally (actually, this may be what justifies their inclusion in this book), they also gained the ability to animate the dead.

Those animated through the dark arts of Voodoo are not technically zombies, however. The “voodoo zombie” results from the soul of a weak-willed person, dead already for all intents and purposes, being trapped inside their body by a powerful voodoo master. The result is a passive slave that must follow the orders of whoever controls its soul. They are typically made to perform horrific acts of housework, such as cleaning out the gutters, doing the laundry, and washing and putting away the dishes after meals – basically a slave’s slave.

Hell is Full

This theory is pretty ridiculous (unlike the others, of course), so I'm not going to dignify it by spending much time and effort by way of explanation. I will, however, give some reasons for why I think it's a stupid theory.

1. I live in Michigan, where there is still plenty of room for additional trailer parks, housing projects, and penthouse suites to be built.

2. Everybody knows that spirits, by their very nature, are not limited to space whatsoever. This is how they defy physics and walk through walls, DUH!!! It is impossible for something with no mass to take up any amount of space. Sorry!

3. As far as I know, nowhere in the Bible did God give Lucifer a budget. A monthly quota, maybe, but never any kind of *restriction* on the souls he was allowed to claim... In any event, I have heard no reports of Satan outsourcing his HR department across the River Styx to the Hindi spiritual realm, although I'm sure he could save a fortune on labor if he ever chose to go that route…

Chapter 3

Getting Prepared

Weapons

Like any newbie, you may at first find yourself a bit squeamish about the horrific acts you will undoubtedly have to perform in your quest for survival. Although fighting against the undead, and not so much your fellow man, your heart will have to be black with hate if you expect to live, and you will need to bury your emotions to the point that you are just as dead on the inside as your enemy. If you cannot get into this mindset for yourself, or even for the friends and family you have been called upon to protect (you fucking pussy – have you been listening to Depeche Mode again?), then for the sake of bloody Christ at least do it for the big J.C.!

But even the awesome power of Jesus cannot save the poor lost souls of the zombified. You, God's chosen one, shall have to take on the role of St. Michael, the angle of death, and personally escort the walking dead to the pearly gates yourself, in most cases employing the most horrific displays of ultra violence imaginable. Remember, God loves it when you help him in his quest of returning souls to heaven. Why do you think Al Queda is so eager to step up to the plate? Virgins? Most of these queerbies wouldn't even know what to do with a single virgin, let alone 72 of them. In any case, you too are needed to carry out God's will. Are you up for the challenge? If so, read on…

Good, you're still here. The first thing you'll need to do, if you are truly up to the task, is procure some zombie-destroying tools to assist you. HOWEVER, do not think that weapons alone will be enough to win the fight. Remember, a true zombie killer needs the mentality that will allow him/her to consume raw meat and cook it with the hatred that burns deep inside.

If you are incapable of developing this level of hate, then you have one of two choices: 1) Become zombie feed, or 2) do it for LOVE – the love of Jesus. Your

savior came back to life for you, did he not? And not as an undead Jesus infected with zombism, but as a fully revived Jesus that somehow came back to life only to die again, so that you may be absolved of all sin and allowed to LIVE! That sacrifice did not come free of charge, however. In return, you must deliver the abominable souls that rightly belong to God with acts of extreme violence and bloodshed. After all, that is what sacrifice is all about!

Long-Range Combat

Preferred weaponry for combat at 50-100 yards:

When faced with an apocalyptic zombie onslaught, you're going to want the ability fire a lot of rounds downstream, and you're going to want to do it fast – real fast. Recommended for just this purpose is the soviet manufactured Kalashnikov, more commonly known as the AK-47.

The Kalashnikov - Even its name is bad ass.

During the Vietnam war, the United States became more concerned with public relations than scoring the highest body count. As a result, they developed the M-16, which would become the kinder, gentler assault rifle of preference for its armed forces for years to come.

More in keeping with the nation's desire to appear less menacing to peaceniks and bleeding heart liberals at home, the M-16/AR-15 delivers the .223 round, which is basically a 5.56 mm caliber bullet with the stopping power of a teddy bear.

The M-16 - A good gun, but not the preferred automatic rifle for zombie combat.

Designed to inflict fewer casualties and more or less just slow the enemy down, the .223 round was not designed to kill. To be honest, it is really nothing more than a .22 caliber round with a bit more powder behind it. To put it bluntly, my pathetic white dick after a long night of drinking has more stopping power than an M-16.

As stated previously, the M-16/AR-15 semi automatic rifle was designed with the goal of maiming, rather than flat-out killing all members of the opposing force. Theoretically, this would cause their comrades in arms to be unduly burdened with the wounded, to the point where their capture/surrender became much more likely. In layman's terms, the M-16 was designed to simply *slow down* "Charlie," known locally as "the Vietnamese." Therefore, the round it fires comes not only out of the gun's barrel, but out of the deep-seated physiological need for humans to help their fellow man.

This tactic may work well when fighting the living, "well" being a purely subjective term here, but however effective it has proven in human warfare, zombies warfare is an entirely different bag all around. Zombies, it turns out, have no feelings at all for their fallen comrades. They will even devour their own kind if it is all they have to sustain themselves on their path to devouring you.

As a red-blooded American, it pains me to say this, but if you want to blow a zombie's head off, you'll need to invest in a Russian Commie AK-47. For whatever they lack in economic wisdom, our Ruskie cousins at least know how to create an assault rifle that *kills*.

Russians, incidentally, have no words in their language that translate into "politically correct." In fact, the concept is completely foreign to them. In Russia, if the government (or anyone for that matter) acts in a manner that displeases the proletariat, then it either learns from its mistakes or ends up on the bad end of a garrote or poison pill. In fact, with their overall cold-blooded approach to life (not just metaphorically either – Russia can get colder than the Upper Peninsula of Michigan), Russians are the closest thing to zombies that still manage to maintain a heartbeat. The only way for an American to get remotely close to understanding this mentality requires a visit to Texas. Everything is bigger in Texas, even the ability to conform to fascist doctrine,

line up for basic commodities, and hate the undead. Not sure how that's applicable, but it stands cuz I said it.

The point is that the Kalashnikov was designed to kill people, fire under the worst of conditions, and make your dick as hard as it can humanly get. Although highly inaccurate, with its high-powered round and overall lack of recoil dispersion, the 7.62 mm slug will obliterate any body part it happens to come in contact with, especially the melon-soft heads of the undead.

This gun can be thrown in the mud, sodomized, and trampled upon, and it will still fire as faithfully as General Motors. Although intercourse with your rifle is highly discouraged, you could have all sorts of relations with this gun and still have it fire flawlessly for you. Err, not that I could actually squeeze my massive tool into anything smaller than a bazooka, but… Oh well nevermind.

Medium-Range Combat

Preferred weaponry for combat at 10-50 yards:

The Remington Model 870 does a superb job of assisting the undead with their problem of having an intact dome. Commonly used by police, hunters, and even the U.S. military, 12 gauge rounds can be easily and cheaply produced and procured. Due to its overall effectiveness across a wide range of killing situations, there are literally millions of 870s in circulation as of today. Because it is relatively inexpensive, highly reliable, and capable of ripping a hole in anything weaker than a quarter inch of tempered steel, this is the gun of choice for any marksman/woman who prefers to get up close and personal with his/her quarry. Oh, and did I mention that after shooting it your dick/clit becomes harder than carbon fiber?

The Remington 870 - otherwise known as the "Brain Remover"

Currently, there is a lot of hype surrounding the use of sawed-off shotguns. Do not “saw off” your shotgun! Criminals use sawed-off shotguns because they are easily concealed. Movies glorify sawed-off shotguns because that's what criminals typically use in their criminal activities. In the postapocalyptic world following a zombie outbreak, however, law enforcement and movies alike will have become virtually nonexistent.

When you “saw off” a shotgun, you have effectively done three things. One, you’ve made it less accurate. Two, you’ve reduced the number of shells it can chamber. And three, although I hate to admit it, you’ve make it look really, really extra sexy. Please keep in mind that the same rules of conduct which apply to the AK-47 also apply to the Remington 870!

There are three types of rounds recommend for the shotgun:

- Deer slugs
- Buck shot
- Incendiary rounds

Deer slugs:

Although deer slugs pack the most stopping power per dollar, they do require an accurate shot. A deer slug is a large caliber round traveling at a relatively low velocity compared to those fired from a higher powered rifle. The result, however, is massive trauma to anything the slug happens to come in contact with. A deer slug will not only politely remove the head of your slow-moving, brain-munching foe, but it will also uproot their body from the ground on which they stand to an altitude somewhere between one and four feet above sea level (relative to local altitude, of course). This is a pretty impressive feat, as my own grandmother cannot even jump one foot high on her own.

While very effective, this round does have its downsides when compared to buck shot. To accomplish the phenomenal sight of a zombie being knocked off its feet in a symphony of death and large caliber rounds, this requires a direct head shot. In addition, this round was designed to take down large game, one shot at a time. It is probably incapable of clearing two or three undead bodies in a single shot, as most likely the round will have lost all its momentum after its initial contact with flesh, rotted or otherwise.

Buck shot:

Although buck shot doesn't have quite the body-blasting, boner-building power of its cousin the deer slug, it does make up for this shortcoming with some very admirable attributes of its own. For those of you who do not know what buck shot is, it can best be described as a large cluster of extra large BBs contained inside a plastic shell, with an even larger charge of gunpowder behind them. Upon firing, the result is an uncompromising barrage of shrapnel that may not uproot bodies from longer ranges, but will definitively send them head first (that is if they still have a head) into the dirt.

The shrapnel effect is what makes buck shot the best overall ammunition in medium-ranged combat with zombies. Not only does it have the ability to dislodge the brain from a zombie’s skull, but it can also send several of its friends to the floor as well, thus slowing the enemy's otherwise unending advance and giving you the chance to finish them off or conserve ammunition by running away.

In close-range combat, say while clearing a room, a 12-gauge buck shot round can effectively deprive of existence one to three flesh-eaters at a time. It can also significantly slow the advance of two to four aggressors in one shot if aimed at the legs or torsos of the assailants. This strategy can grant a plausible retreat to an otherwise impossible combat situation. Although they have not been properly destroyed, you and your allies now have the option of removing yourselves from their presence while the undead attempt to pick themselves off the floor.

Incendiary rounds:

While virtually nonexistent outside the realm of movies and videogames, it is because of the incendiary round option that the Remington 870 was chosen as the ideal weapon for mid-range zombie combat. Although incendiary rounds are inherently hard on any gun, due to the intense heat produced by their discharge, the Remington 870 is the one gun with enough cojones to withstand this highly devastating round.

It should be noted that after firing any amount of incendiary rounds, your gun will need to be cleaned thoroughly. The amount of soot and residue they leave behind can cause even the most reliable shotgun to jam and misfire, if not melt altogether – a potentially lethal situation when facing an unrelenting zombie advance.

It is a well-known fact that zombies hate fire almost as much as black people hate water. Once caught aflame, they run around like frantic rats in a cage. The indigenous people of Easter Island learned this lesson and turned it to their advantage. We, in modern times, need to embrace the tactic of our ancestors and use fire to our advantage as well.

The incendiary round releases an intense twenty foot flame from the end of the

gun barrel. With a heat so intense, any organic material caught in the outburst will instantly catch on fire. These rounds cannot be purchased at your local big box outdoor supply shops, however, and they are highly illegal in most states. Chances are you will have to find them in a smaller gun store with more exclusive clientele, or possibly at a white supremacist rummage sale. Sorry folks, we got ourselves a bonafide black president now. The race war is off!

Close-Range Combat

Although hand-to-hand melee with zombies can be orgasmically entertaining, for both spectator and participant alike (see page 13 in *Florida Keys*), it is not the most efficient means of zombie combat. Unless you have a light-as-air chainsaw with unlimited oil and gasoline, and a blade that never dulls (see *Doom 1-4*), hand-to-hand combat with the undead will consume your energy while leaving you in much closer-than-comfortable proximity with your enemy than is generally considered healthy. When facing particularly superior numbers, it will be nearly impossible to come out alive in melee against the zombie masses. But if you absolutely must…

Preferred weaponry for combat at arm's length:

If extremely lucky, you will never find yourself within arm's length of the undead. However, chances are you won't be so extremely lucky. The undead have a unique ability to remain undead for a lengthy period of time, with little to no maintenance save for the occasional bite of brains. You, on the other hand, will need food, water, and if the chance presents itself, an occasional sexual release in order to keep doing whatever it is you do.

For instance, you will need to go out foraging for supplies and/or poon-tang from time to time, and there is a high probability that you will eventually encounter a random zombie in the cereal aisle of some random grocery store in the middle of Ball Snort Tennessee, or whatever shit-hole town you happen to be passing through on your quest for survival.

Furthermore, it is notoriously difficult to sight your adversary with a rifle or shotgun after they've snuck up behind you and put you into a bear hug. For quick, immediate killing power delivered directly from the ball of burning hatred inside your gut, you will need to procure something more suitable to close encounters of this kind.

As a melee weapon, the sledge axe delivers the most bludgeoning, stopping, and raw killing power pound for pound. It is, in the most basic terms, a sledge hammer on one side and an axe on the other. If you have the luxury to pick and choose, select one with a synthetic stock, if there are any left at your local hardware store. Although wood is nature's preferred stock for strength, and a very useful material overall, it has the irritating tendency to splinter and split while involved in zombie combat.

The sledge axe, though not the most efficient means of head/brain removal, is the most effective.

Synthetic stocks (i.e., plastic stocks) do not warp, split, sleep with your girlfriend, or leave you with the equivalent of a vampire stake while involved in combat with undead who are clearly not vampires (which everyone knows don't exist anyway). Although most varieties of wood do not have the ability to sleep with your girlfriend, it never hurts to be safe.

Be wary of weapons made out of mahogany, however, the hardest and strongest of all woods. For while weapons of this material will rarely break against the soft flesh of zombies, they will rarely break against the softer parts of your woman too! Human wood of this variety will send your girlfriend to levels of pleasure that you were previously allowed to believe you were already giving

her. This is another of the many reasons why I personally prefer a synthetic stock. I mean, what kind of lady is going to have sex with a piece of hard plastic?

The sledge axe has many advantages, but also one huge disadvantage: While it has the ability to both smash and sever the heads of the undead, it requires a vast amount of strength and energy to wield it. If you are not an ogre, a professional athlete, or a complete psycho, you will not have the stamina to wield this weapon for long. After 10-15 inspired swings, your arms will give out, leaving you unable to deliver the powerful and accurate blows needed to send these brain sucking-bastards back to the hell they came from in one melon-splattering head shot.

The average zombie warrior should at the very least be packing a machete. The machete is a long, cleaver-like blade, typically used to clear thick brush in a rain forest environment. I nicknamed mine “Chopper,” which is short for “I'm going to chop your maggoty face to pieces!”

The Machete - A fine tool for delivering the un-dead into the afterlife of dead-dead.

Designed to cut through thick vines and stems, the machete is well adapted for slicing through the relatively thin layers of flesh in the neck region, as well as breaking through the upper spinal column that connects a zombie's dome piece to its torso.

To decapitate a zombie with a hand-held weapon is just as likely to make you cream your pants as doing it with a rifle or a shotgun, perhaps even more so. However, it should be noted that it is neither necessary to achieve complete decapitation, nor spontaneous orgasm, in order to make this happen. All that is specifically required to destroy a zombie via this method is to disrupt the nerves connecting the brain to the rest of the body. This is accomplished by cutting through or shattering the upper spinal column, which just so happens to be

located in the neck. Any severance below this point will allow whatever remains of the zombie's body to continue after you, even if it's just a finger or a lower jaw.

Annihilate your opponent, be it your former grandmother, daughter, wife/husband, or even Stacy Sweet from down the street, whom you've had a crush on since middle school. It should be noted, however, that just because *you* still live at home with your parents at the age of 30, that doesn't necessarily mean that *she* still does...

There is no gray area when it comes to zombie annihilation. You must remove the gray matter from the creature possessing the host body. The person you once knew is dead and gone. All that remains is an animated shell of a person consumed with the sole purpose of devouring your brains. Therefore, the only logical course of action is to kill indiscriminately, without regret or sympathy. Sever the neck and spine of your foe, unless you'd rather become one of them as well…

Chapter 4

The Outbreak

Where or when the next outbreak will occur is anyone's guess. However, there will at least be some subtle hints that something is amiss on the day to outbreak occurs. Soon enough, you will know that there is definitely something going on, and eventually you will know *for sure* that something is definitely *wrong* – hopefully before it is too late.

Something Seems Amiss

On your way to work there will be an unusually large number of car accidents for some reason. Unlike myself, most normal people don't call into work in the morning just because they're feeling a little funky, and need to heal by drinking away their sickness while jerking off to daytime soap operas.

These sick commutersers are about to turn, and shortly before turning, the living may unexpectedly pass out and die shortly after. You will likely notice groups of people surrounding these victims, trying to help or just being morbidly curious. This curiosity and tendency to help are what will ultimately lead to the rapid mass infection. As the dead suddenly turn, they will violently awaken and attack all those who surround them.

Do not fall into this trap. While others are busy gathering around the soon-to-be zombies, thus securing a similar fate for themselves, you should take this opportunity to get the hell right out of there before they multiply!

If you actually do manage to make it to work, you could take the opportunity to grab a heavy blunt object and wait for your boss, who is likely to start feeling ill at some point himself, to complete his own transformation. Just make sure that he/she has already turned before you begin taking out all those years of frustration on their skull. Once the outbreak is over, you might like to keep your

old job and all of your paid time off if possible. After this battle, you’re going to need it!

Something is Going on

By the end of first day, the majority of public will be aware that some type of strange phenomena is occurring. Watch the news, as this is a critical time. If you have not procured all of your supplies already, you are going to want to do so quickly. Depending on your area, all of the stores may be flooded with people already. If they are, stay away from them. You do not want to be anywhere near a large group of people right now, as the higher the number of people are in a given location, the higher the chance of encountering the infected. Besides, you don't want to end up like those poor suckers who got trampled to death over Tickle Me Elmo. Wherever you get yours supplies, however, you must be prepared to empty your savings account (all $26.47 of it) and buy as much ammunition and nonperishable food as you can. After that, get some fresh meat and fruit, this is the last time you will enjoy this luxury for a long time. Watch the news, enjoy one of your last satisfying meals, and wait for the time to move.

At this stage it is far too soon to be out lopping heads off in the street. The police will not be so overwhelmed yet as to ignore your vigilantism, and you could possibly even be classified as another deranged psycho now roaming the streets. It is likely that you could end up stuck in a holding cell with a few soon-to-be zombies if you make your actions too visible in this period of impending anarchy.

Something is Definitely Wrong Here

By the next morning or afternoon, it will have become very apparent that something is definitely, seriously wrong, even to the people who already live in mountain caves, in submarines, on space stations, and in shelters underground. It has now been over 23 hours since the new strain of zombism hit the street, and however it was contracted this time, most of the folks who initially contracted it are likely to have turned by now. In all likelihood, the police will know all too well the true nature of the threat they are up against, and will probably be pinned down in the field or in a conference room forming their plan of attack.

Now is the time to act. Loot, rob, and pillage for any supplies that you've yet to secure. Try to resist the urge to steal nonessentials, such as videogame consoles and plasma screen TVs. These are only useful in battling pretend zombies with friends online, and will not be of any use to you while you are actually fighting for your actual life. Either way, the police will be far too busy dealing with the growing swarms of zombified killing machines to worry about your petty (and not so petty) larcenies. Do you happen to own a pickup truck?

If not, go over to the house of that neighbor with the impeccable lawn, the who is always bitching about your dead, overgrown grass to the neighborhood association. Stick your shotgun in his face, slap his wife on the ass and take his truck from him. If you are lucky enough to find that he has turned already, you can blow the brains out the back of his head and onto his recently polished hardwood floor.

Then, burn rubber to the more-than-likely closed hardware store and get that awesome generator you've had your eye on for some time. While you're there, make sure to get plenty of rope, gas cans, and various tools which you may or may not need. I've always wanted a band saw, so personally I would take this opportunity to procure one.

On your way to the gas station, where you intend to pull a drive-off with a full tank and truck bed of brimming gas cans, make sure to stop by the local liquor store. If the neighborhood winos haven't already ransacked the place, grab as much tobacco and spirits as you can fit into your new truck. This is recommend

for two reasons: One, I'm a chain smoking lush. Two, in about a month, all currency is going to be completely worthless. You’re going to need the things people cherish, such as vices and vital supplies to trade with survivors of the outbreak. The legitimate market will be virtually extinct, and all that will remain is a barter-based black market. So unless you want to end up smoking some dude’s pole in exchange for the right to smoke a single stale cigarette, you’d better stock up while you can!

Get to your stash/safe spot, unload, and repeat the process as many times as is safely possible. Do not get greedy! After a short time, your brilliant idea to loot everything in sight will be adopted by the rest of the city. Remember, large crowds equal danger, from both the living and the undead. The police will be concentrated in riot zones, firing tear gas and beanbag slugs into the crowd. Also, the rioting masses may decide that they like your new truck and take it just as easily as you first took it yourself.

A Confirmed Zombie Outbreak has Occurred

Once the government breaks down and admits that a zombie outbreak has occurred, at a record speed of 48 hours after the fact, you need to be as far away and hidden from the rest of society as you possibly can. If you are lucky, you can ride things out and wait for the outbreak to end.

Although it is a popular misconception that zombies live forever, it is untrue. Zombies are dead and stupid, and because they are dead and stupid, they have no cognitive ability to avoid clumsy accidents or immunity to the bacteria and insects that will eventually decompose their being. If you can hole up for a good year, preferably two, your area should be relatively zombe-free. With a good hiding spot and a lot of luck, you will not encounter many zombies or humans while you wait for them all to drop dead. This, unfortunately, will probably not be the case.

Ideally, you will already have scouted out a safe house or two to hole up in before the outbreak even occurs (I've got six or seven lined up myself!), preferably out in the country somewhere, as you'll want to be as far away from dense populations as possible. However, you do not want to be so far away from everything that you will be unable to scavenge for supplies when necessary.

Your shelter should be constructed of brick, stone, adobe, or any other material and is resistant to both fire and physical force. Try to avoid buildings with windows on the ground floor if you have no means of securely boarding them up.

Although popularized in *Dawn of the Dead* and other zombie movies, the mall is probably the last place you'd want to be during a zombie outbreak. Like many, I too frequented malls in my youth to troll for mall ass, but the only ass you're going to find at a mall after the outbreak is your own in a sling if you choose such a stupid fortress.

There are plenty of supplies to be found at the mall, but not many essentials. The

latest fashion styles will not do you much good on the battlefield you will soon enter. Plus, the doorways are typically made of glass, in order to advertise goods and services (and now your brains), and glass is a notoriously difficult medium to fortify as it has the tendency to shatter with 2,000+ lbs of zombie pressed up against it.

Rather, choose a place in the countryside that is not connected to the sewage or water systems of the city. There is a good chance that a month after the outbreak all public works will no longer be functional, and you don't want to be stuck taking a shit on top of somebody else's until the smoke finally clears. This shit-uation will quickly escalate into a mountain of feces that stinks of man and lures the undead right to your doorstep. It may seem more like a minor afterthought than a crucial feature for your safe house, but you'll definitely be better off with well water and a septic system. Then again, chances are you'll end up shitting in a hole and drinking rainwater out of the gutter for at least part of the time anyway, so unless you've really got your preparations down tight, you'll probably have bigger concerns than finding the perfect zombie-proof pad right off the bat.

Chapter 5

Dealing with Humans After the Outbreak

Dealing with humans after the outbreak may be even trickier than dealing with the zombies, who are altogether more predictable as a whole. Competition for resources has become fierce enough already, and after such a cataclysmic event as a zombie apocalypse, humans will likely be even more dangerous than zombies when their backs are up against the wall. To make matters worse, you won't ever be able to tell just who is your ally and who is your enemy, as humans, unlike their undead counterparts, have the cognitive ability to lie.

When approaching a prospective human, first ask them what their name is.

- If it replies “Brains,” blow its head off.
- If it replies “Brian,” ask it again, as you may have encountered a zombie with a speech impediment, or a zombie that was mildly retarded in life.
- Keep in mind that it is entirely possible that you did encounter a human named “Brian.”

Either way, you will want make sure that you're blowing the head off of a flesh-eating monster – and not a potential ally in your ongoing fight for survival.

However, you do not want to befriend all humans that you come across, as there will always be those who wish to exploit your resources, often taking them by force, in order to achieve their own means of survival. That, and those who wish to take you back to their own “safe house,” under the pretense of feeding you and getting you laid, only to force you into a prom dress and gang rape you for the better part of the evening. Well, at least they fulfilled one half of their promise!

Your Squad

Hopefully you've discussed the location of your safe house with some close friends and family before the shit really hits the fan. Try not to invite too many

people to your stronghold though, as each of them are likely to bring along a douche bag friend or family member or two (or three, or four, or five) of their own.

The size of your camp should depend on the size of your compound. You don't want to cram ten people into a one room bungalow, because you will probably come into contact with your uncle's balls at some point while sleeping, but you don't want to try spreading three people out over a twelve room mansion either, as it will be difficult to defend it that way.

You will need a wide array of skill sets in order to survive the zombie apocalypse. Specifically, you will want each of your team members to possess at least one of the following skills:

- Military/Police Training
- Hunting/Trapping/Fishing
- Mechanics/Carpentry
- Cooking
- Nurse/Paramedic Training
- Gardening/Farming
- Boyish Good Looks
- Vagina

Most of these should go without saying, as each of them revolve around the basic needs of survival: Building/maintaining fortifications and equipment, finding and preparing food, tending to the sick and injured, and, of course, kicking zombie ass! Having a vagina should make you a shoe-in for any zombie survival squad, but you may be wondering what exactly boyish good looks bring to the table. Well, who do you think is gonna wear the prom dress?

Types of People you May Encounter

Raiders

The best approach to dealing with raiders is to hide from them and hope that they do not find you. If they do find you, you will be left with one gruesome option: Kill them all or be killed yourself.

Luckily, raiders will be easy to spot. More than likely they will riding motorcycles or armored dune buggies, blaring heavy metal music, and heavily armed. If any persons approach your doorstep and you hear Slayer or the sound of double base drumming from the music in the background, start gathering your munitions immediately. When raiders come knocking at your doorstep, keep quiet and hope that they do not notice you or attempt to break in.

If they do notice you, pretend to start negotiations while setting up an ambush to kill them all. Try offering the guy with the boyish good looks in exchange for their leader's spiked codpiece. Either way, you do not want to lose the element of surprise. This clever ruse, combined with your stronghold fortifications, will ensure victory if you strike quickly.

Your first task is to gun down the leader of the pack. Once this is accomplished, the minions are likely to get confused and panic. Their leader will most likely be one of two personalities:

The Alexander The Great personality will be directly on the front lines, making demands, and giving vocal commands to the rest of his crew.

The Napoleon personality will be harbored close to the best vehicle, giving tacit commands to his troops by way of head nods and complex hand signals.

Whichever type of leader chances upon your door, you need to be on the lookout for these tell-tale clues to their personality, as this will help you to determine their strengths and weaknesses, and this in turn will help to more easily kill

them. Remember, taking out the leader will give you a key psychological advantage.

When you are ready to strike, do it swiftly and mercilessly. After the initial volley of fire, mowing down whoever is closest or sniping far away targets, you will next want to concentrate fire on the enemy vehicles. Blow out their tires to slow their retreat, should they attempt it. You do not want any of them escaping, only to return later with bigger and badder friends.

After the firefight, go outside to finish off the wounded. Make sure to keep the healthiest one alive, as you'll probably want to torture them for information later. Stash the vehicles someplace out of sight – you could use the extra wheels and spare parts. And if there is enough daylight left, burn the bodies to remove the smell of man from your compound. Dancing around the funeral pyre like a crazed native in celebration of your victory is not necessary at this point, but highly encouraged.

Wanderers

In addition to raiders, there will be other individuals who survived the initial outbreak and somehow managed to escape. These will be small groups of two to six people who have joined forces over the course of their own adventures in zombie land. Unlike raiders, who are generally out to take you for whatever you're worth, your average wanderer will simply be foraging for supplies and desperately searching for any sign of civilization. If they have made it this far, and they are not trying to kill you, they could make themselves useful. Some common wanderer classes you may encounter include the damsel in distress, the ex-special ed teacher, and the dashing, intrepid zombie hunter.

The mustache - a must-have accessory for any aspiring zombie hunter

Wanderers may be privy to vital information obtained in the field, such as news, supply depots, and secret European mustache grooming techniques, or they may be in possession of goods and services they are willing to trade.

If any of them show any signs of potential infection, however, explain to this person that they will need to be quarantined as a precaution if they wish to stay. In the event that they do turn, you'll want to ensure that you've explained to their compatriots what will have to be done, as they may have an emotional bond to the creature, before violently removing its brains.

Zombie Pimps

Prostitution, otherwise known as the world's oldest profession, has literally been around since the dawn of time. Therefore, it is going to take a lot more than a little zombie apocalypse to make it go away. Basically, the only way that this will ever happen is if women can finally achieve an equal wage for legitimate work, or if all men voluntarily submit to being neutered. Since both of these decidedly unlikely scenarios probably have about the same slim chance of occurring, I would probably just get used to the hos if I were you.

Besides, everyone has to earn a living somehow. If you had no other skills, and someone told you that *you* could earn $50-100 an hour doing something that you were probably going to do for free anyway, *you'd* probably do it too! Zombie pimps, however, have taken prostitution to a truly sickening extreme.

Zombie pimps are basically human pimps who have resorted to pimping out zombie hos, who are easier to control without wasting so many drugs, in the absence of living, breathing ones. Do not be tempted by these decomposing flesh mongers, however. Zombies begin to decay immediately after turning. After a month their bodies become so putrid that even the fat guy at the comic book shop probably won't want to have relations with one.

However, as anyone who has ever spent an afternoon surfing the web can tell you, there is a fetish out there for just about everything. As it turns out, some people actually prefer their fucks stinking dead. What results are zombie pimps who prey upon living girls to keep their inventory fresh, purposely infecting them as a means of control. This practice hinders the procreation of our species and needs to be halted with extreme brutality.

If you ever do encounter a zombie pimp, do mankind (and fashion) a favor by wasting a slug or two on his worthless, elevator shoes-wearing ass. You may even finally get to try out some of that sweet zombie action that everyone's been talking about – for free!

Chapter 6

Dealing with Zombies After the Outbreak

Most of your encounters with people after the outbreak will be with dead people. You will need to break through their flanks or flee from the zombie hordes. It is vital to understand the basic behavior and nature of zombies to exploit their weaknesses and use them to your advantage. Detailed below are some basics regarding the mannerisms and tendencies of the recently un-deceased.

Zombie Biology

As stated earlier, zombies do not live forever. After zombism animates the deceased, you are essentially still dealing with a dead body, just as prone to the elements as anything else.

It is common knowledge that the dead decay. Decay is the zombie's strongest enemy and your best ally, provided you have more patience than ammo. In essence they become walking compost piles, which explains why they steam like a fresh turds on chilly Autumn mornings.

The lifespan of a zombie is roughly one year, during which time they become increasingly useless through the loss of limbs and other parts necessary to capture and kill. After that, the body typically becomes too decrepit to walk. Like all organic matter, they eventually collapse to the ground and slowly become fertilizer.

Zombies are also not very strong. In fact, they begin “life” about twenty percent weaker than the host was when it was truly living. What dexterity remains slowly evaporates as the zombie withers away to nothing, causing them to move slower and slower as time goes on. For some reason they don't ever run either – they kind of speed-shamble when in closing distance of the living, but even then they are usually quite slow compared to beings who still have blood flowing through their veins.

Zombie blood quickly loses its ability to clot, draining out faster than that of a hemophilia patient. The bodily fluids that do remain take on the consistency of a thick paste, often referred to as “zombie grease.”

These putrid conditions combine to provide the greatest form of zombie detection: They stink worse than roadkill, a stench that overpowers all other odors. If you ever find yourself downwind from a group of flesh-eating monsters, they can easily be detected from a few hundred yards away.

If you happen to catch a whiff of this unmistakable stink, either get a move on in the opposite direction, or quickly dispatch scouts toward the odor while you prepare for combat.

They (being zombies) also do not sleep. Rather, as I’ve mentioned repeatedly, they tirelessly advance in pursuit of your brains. This can make them hard to outrun, despite their relatively slow rate of advance. Just like the story of the tortoise and the hare, their constant pace will eventually catch up to you while you rest. It could be that this fable was actually concocted with the express

purpose of teaching children not to rest too long while fleeing from zombies in hot (or not-so-hot) pursuit.

Zombie Senses

One thing you can say about zombies – they have a truly COLOSSAL tolerance for pain. They do feel it to some degree, with whatever nerves they have left, but at a level so low that no human could possibly fathom. Either way, this translates into bad news for those of you trying to incapacitate or drive them off using the same pain-inflicting techniques you would use on a conventionally sensitive beast. Unlike your kid brother, zombies will never yell “Uncle!”

In addition to dismal pain reception, zombies also have poor vision. The eyes are one of the body's most sensitive organs, and they quickly dry out, particularly after one’s entire circulatory system has been shut down. Zombies do, however, have superior night vision, like that of a cat or a dog. They see in mostly black and white, making them superior hunters at nighttime and in other low-light situations.

If possible, try to avoid undead engagement during the evening or inside of dimly lit buildings. Zombies see better than humans do under these circumstances, and you will need every advantage you can get in order to survive the outbreak. It is tempting to employ a flashlight as an equalizer here, but this will only succeed in helping you to visualize the dozens of additional zombies your foolishness will inevitably attract.

Another perceptual advantage that zombies enjoy is a heightened sense of smell. This is more than likely how they will locate you. Just as you can smell them from great distances, they too can smell you from even *greater* distances. When venturing outside, it is important to douse yourself with buck urine or skunk gland extract, or any other strong animal musk you can find, in order to cover up your comparatively delicate (and appetizing) human odor. In fact, if you can trap a skunk, don't eat it if you don't need the meat. It will be much more valuable to you if you keep it alive and periodically harvest its perfume.

Another effective olfactory deterrent is rolling around in a pile of zombie remains. While this will certainly result in more stink than most people can bear, it will do a lot to convince zombies that you are not a potential meal. Haven’t you ever wondered why so few dogs are bitten/infected? Just make sure to keep your eyes and mouth shut while you’re submerged…

Although superior in their sense of smell and night vision, zombies can barely hear a thing. So don't be afraid of attracting them with gunfire, chainsaws, or obnoxious music. You will still want to be wary of attracting unwanted human attention, though, especially if you are dumb enough to play anything off the top 40. If you must insist on playing any kind of music, do yourself a favor and stick with baroque harpsichord compositions, John Denver, and anything else that practically NO ONE listens to.

Zombie Diet

Zombies feed on nothing but your brains. Even vegetarian hosts that become infected do not continue hungering for *bran*, they revert to their more carnivorous nature and desire only to gorge themselves on your *brains*.

What is interesting is that zombies are actually incapable of digesting their food. This is good news for you, because as they stuff themselves at the brain equivalent of the Golden Coral buffet, their stomachs swell and eventually burst, causing internal hemorrhaging that slows and weakens them. In some particularly voracious zombies, their bellies will split open completely upon reaching triple capacity, thus assisting nature in its own gluttony by allowing bugs and bacteria easier access to their insides.

The Zombie Mind

As mentioned previously, zombies are incredibly dimwitted. They cannot comprehend arithmetic, poetry, or British humor. This may not make them that different from the average American, but WHAT-EVER. I personally don't comprehend British humor either; I mean, I understand the jokes, I just don't think they are funny. Okay?

The astoundingly low level of zombie intelligence becomes apparent when one of them sees you through a window. Although it has the ability to smash right through the window and come after you, most of the time it will only try to bite the glass as if you and the window were one and the same. In fact, in most cases windows are only broken because of the pressure that builds up from the forward-pushing horde as it grows in weight through numbers.

There are many other examples of zombie stupidity out there, enough to fill another book! But lest I ruin it for the readers, may I suggest you look no further than FOX, CNN, or MSNBC during any minute of any hour of any day.

Zombie Sociology

Zombies tend to travel in packs. The cursed souls always seem to congregate and roam together for some reason, slowly growing in numbers as they encounter each other, a phenomena that rather resembles the behavior of NASCAR fans. They never actually shrink in numbers unless some good Samaritan humanely assists them with the use of a deadly weapon. Otherwise, they just keep right on multiplying into a legion of brain-dead goons.

Why they behave in this manner is unknown. As far as anyone has ever been able to tell, there is never any kind of zombie leader among the congregations. Some theorize that they communicate the same way ants do, by way of pheromones, but even this seems unlikely, as there would most likely be some kind of observable pecking order in their interactions.

When an ant detects food, it releases a certain amount of pheromone directly related to the amount of food it detects. Therefore, if an ant detects a large amount of food, it will release a large amount of pheromone, rapidly attracting multitudes of its cohorts. All of the other ants follow whichever one is emitting the strongest pheromone signal (and is therefore closest to dinner).

As unlikely as it sounds, this would explain the phenomena of hordes of zombies suddenly appearing all at once, or slowly growing into a horde when at first there were only a few. As other zombies pick up on the feeding pheromones being released by those that have already established the presence of fresh brains in the area, more and more of them will be attracted to that location, and the more of them that show up, the stronger the pheromone signal becomes, until you have a regular Lilith Fair on your hands! Only these concertgoers aren't there to see Sarah Mclachlan or feast upon mountains of unwashed muff. They are only there to mosh to the rhythm of their own zombo-mambo and crowd surf right into your brains!

I know, it sounds crazy, but to date this is the most commonly accepted theory. Honestly, are you really all that surprised?

Regardless of its actual veracity, you should use this information to your advantage. If you see a zombie or two, exterminate them with the quickness and then (this should be second nature to you by now) burn the bodies. It is unknown how long zombies will excrete these chemicals after death, but some say that when in close proximity to humans, their glands will remain hyperactive for several hours even after being de-animated.

It is probably safe to assume that the presence of even a single zombie indicates that a whole gang of face-eaters have picked up your scent. Spray your whole crew with skunk essence or whatever else is available, and distribute the odor in a 100 foot radius from the center of your hideout as well.

Alert the night watch to heighten their awareness with whatever speed or cocaine is left, as these zombie scouts may have enlightened a whole swarm of undead to your whereabouts with their goddamned pheromones.

If you do find yourself suddenly confronted by a zombie horde (they can team up on you quick), be smart – conserve ammo and do not attack. It is probably too late to do anything but retreat, that is if they don't already have you surrounded. By now other zombie swarms are likely privy to your location and advancing upon your stronghold as well. There is no stopping a zombie advance of this magnitude, as it never stops, unless you happen to have a spare nuclear warhead lying around, which will no doubt kill you as well as your enemies. No, they will just keep coming and coming in waves that will eventually break through your defenses, turning you into the monster you fought so hard to defeat, and furthering the cycle of infection.

If you are lucky enough to escape, you must be able to move quickly. Ditch whatever equipment and supplies that you won't be able to easily carry, as they won't do you a whole lot of good when you're dead.

When the time comes to make a run for it, load your shotguns with incendiary rounds if you have any. Although not recommended when engaging a few zombies at short range, as they have a tendency to mindlessly ignite everything around them as well (including your fortress), this *is* an ideal tactic when abandoning your compound. Who cares if your stronghold burns to ashes? Take a page out of Stalin's playbook and burn your fortifications to encourage the enemy's advance, and ultimately their death.

Fire's effect on zombies is comparable to the effect of zombism on humans – it spreads rampantly and without compromise. Remember, humans are over 75 percent water, and as a result they do not burst into flames that easily. You may singe every hair on your ball sack while making your escape, but zombies, having lost most of their internal fluids, will go up like haystacks!

Disburse incendiary rounds straight up the ass of the crowd that blocks your exit. Never mind the fact that their asses are not currently facing you; it’s a figure of speech. Although they do have a high tolerance for pain, the undead easily panic and scurry like roaches when lit aflame. Introducing fire into a crowd of zombies will result in an inferno you would swear Dante himself created.

As depicted in Dante's Divine Comedy, you must torch the undead

As the dead begin to smolder, retreat to your vehicles and use them to pulverize any who block your path, utilizing the raw power of your Chevy large block engine (my personal ideal). By now you should have attached a snow plow to your vehicle, or else fabricated something similar to those cow-clearing devices found on the fronts of trains. This accomplishes two tasks: One, it keeps the undead from smearing up your windshield when they splatter en mass. And two, well it really comes in handy for plowing snow when zombies aren’t around.

Every moment you wait decreases your odds of escape. Your group is facing a dire situation here, and if you don't move quickly, you will all die. Also, do not exhaust any more of your supplies or ammo than you absolutely must on your way out of there. Conserve it for your journey to and the defense of your next fortress, wherever you may (and that’s a pretty big MAY at this point) find it.

Chapter 7

Zombie Training

So ends the bulk of the handbook. Through careful study, you have by now learned the basic theory and practice behind zombology and anti-zombie counterinsurgency tactics, knowledge which will serve you well when the zombie apocalypse finally comes.

However, lest you become bored with the constant cycle of fleeing and fighting against the unrelenting zombie hoards, this present chapter contains helpful suggestions for spicing up your struggle for survival through one of my favorite post-outbreak hobbies: Zombie training!

It is a common misconception that zombies cannot be trained. Though it may be true that they can never be completely mastered, they can at least be capitulated once their will has been broken. After this, zombies can serve you in a variety of menial tasks, such as taking on the role of coat rack, custodian, or even court jester!

However, to get a zombie to this point entails performing acts of brutality that would overcome the average man and drop him to his knees, pleading to the good lord above for forgiveness.

Phase 1

Put on your sadist hat and prepare to inflict a beating upon your subject that will scar your fists as well as your soul.

Attach a chain around your soon-to-be zombie slave. Approach it and wait for it to reach out in an attempt to grab your head and consume your brains. This is the behavior you are trying to suppress, so it is crucial that you recognize this exact moment when it occurs.

It will not take long at first. The creature will immediately concede to its natural instincts and attack without reason or fear of consequences. It is then that you must take this opportunity to execute the first step towards your goal of ultimate zom-dom.

It is most commonly accepted that zombism is spread via saliva and other bodily fluids. Therefore, if you are going to keep a zombie in your midst, either as a slave or a subject for study, it is an absolute must that you secure their jaw region. This can be accomplished with a hockey mask, dog muzzle, or, more simply, with one of those red ball gags commonly stocked by dildo shops. Also, in any close interaction with zombies, it is highly recommended that you use gloves to protect your hands. I recommend using 7 oz MMA gloves, as these will simultaneously soften your blows, so you don't destroy the delicate bone structure of you new concubine’s face, while at the same time allowing you to take hold of your subject safely should you have to.

The moment the undead beast reaches for your head, bludgeon it until it falls to the ground. Remember, zombies have an unbelievable tolerance for pain. To make them respond to torture requires subjecting them physical distress that would erase the soul of any living human. You must be prepared to blacken your heart to the point where you can literally batter a corpse until all of its teeth are broken and its body is covered in deep purple bruises and abrasions.

Do not inflict all of the damage at once, however. Every half hour, stop the

flogging and sit in a chair out of arm’s reach from your would-be slave. Soon enough, the knees and elbows of your future servant/test subject will begin to slowly contract, and it will begin to lift itself off the floor.

Wait for your trainee to regain its composure and instinctively extend its arms in its hungry lust for your brains. Once again, the very moment this behavior occurs, you must suppress it with intense, discipline-inducing violence. Beat it into the ground like it owes you money. Then, sit and wait for the inevitable mumbling of “brains” as it once again approaches, groping toward your cranium's delicious insides. At this point you may want to consider breaking out some of the other “tools” you discovered when you found the ball gag. You never know exactly which type of torture techniques will work best on any given zombie, so anything goes!

Repeat this process until the unholy creation begins to show signs of hesitation before extending its arms toward your head.

Again, and again, and again, beat the creature until it is laying on the floor, coughing up whatever blood is left in its body, gathering up the last of its strength to rise and attempt to devour your brains once more. Each time it gets up for more, give it more. After each bludgeoning, it is important that you adopt a non-threatening, unsuspecting pose, just to let it know that you will not beat it if it doesn’t try attacking you. Until it is not resuming its attack after 45 seconds of being beaten to the ground, your subject is not yet ready for phase two.

Once it has been classically conditioned enough, just like Pavlov's dogs, it will begin equating the stimuli of your constant beat-downs as punishment for its thoroughly “bad” and “naughty” attempts to eat your brains.

Bad zombie!!!

A series of beatings this severe will likely take most of the day, twelve hours on a good day. So make sure that you eat a hearty breakfast, and forget about masturbating or playing any videogames that day. Remember, you will not be able to do this quickly. You will be inflicting a level of torture that would make Saddam Hussein himself vomit upon witnessing it. And, as anyone who’s spent any length of time at Abu Ghraib or Guantanamo Bay can tell you, torture needs

to be constant and seemingly never ending in order to be effective.

In extreme cases, your zombie bitch will retain its stubborn will for up to three days of initial training before showing any signs of submission. Therefore, you must become the epitome of diligence if you ever expect to see any results. However, once the creature becomes even remotely hesitant in its aggression toward you, it is time to give it one more savage butt whipping for good measure, then reward your vassal with a scrap or two of brains for its obedience. Where you get these brains is entirely up to you, just so long as they aren't coming out of *your* head, and *you* are the one who decides when to dole them out.

Phase 2

After the soon-to-be slave begins to submit to your will, you will need to reward their behavior if you expect this to continue. Do this only after the creature does not immediately advance toward your cranium after being beaten to the ground, but rather hesitates for at least 45 to 60 seconds. If this behavior occurs, then you have made great progress. Rewarding the beast before this will render all of your efforts thus far pointless, and you will need to begin training again from the start.

Once the zombie shows signs of relenting, put some human brains in a dog dish and feed this to them. This will help them to understand that they are allowed to eat, but only on your, the master's terms. Do not attempt to hand feed the creature at this point, as you will likely lose some fingers in the process.

Before training even begins, however, you need to procure the grisly reward. It is quite likely that you will come across a recently deceased, non-zombified human at some point in your travels. When you do find one (or simply create one for yourself), you must then undertake the gruesome task of harvesting its brain matter for obedience compensation to your future blood servant. After procurement of said compensation, refrigerate them to keep them fresh, as zombies are not particularly fond of rotten brains. If they were, they'd just as soon eat their own! If there are no means of chilling them, however, you can smoke or salt them. Though not as coveted by zombies as refrigerated brains, preserved brains are the next best substitute.

After the monster eats its reward, patiently wait for its next attack. If you have allowed your training to be guided by the aforementioned methods, you should notice a distinct change in your subject's behavior. Rather than attacking within a minute, the creature will likely hesitate for a good ten minutes before reaching for more brains – your brains.

If you do not achieve this level of basic obedience after the first reward, you have two options: Begin the training from scratch, or promptly de-brain the failure and find a new meat bag to train. As you train more and more zombies, you will learn how to subjugate those with stronger wills. However, for now, you should stick to ones that can be more easily tamed.

Hopefully you got lucky on your first attempt, and your new pet will show immediate signs of submission after being rewarded. Again, wait in a non-threatening pose and its hunger will eventually provoke another attack.

When this happens, repeat the vicious series of beatings delivered previously. This should be easier than the first round of bludgeoning, as you will have by now sapped a good deal of the creature's strength and will. And although you need to be brutal, you do not need to continue beating the creature after it has fallen to the ground. As soon as it drops, you can cease the punishment.

Get out a stopwatch. After every ten minute increase in the amount of time it takes for the undead to initiate its attack, give it another reward.

Good zombie…

If you're lucky, this whole process will only take six or seven rounds of beating. By know your servant should be flinching whenever you show physical signs of anger, such as raising your voice or fists. However, it is unlikely that you will have instilled the level of fear needed to fully control the zombie in one day. At the end of the first day, it may not attack you outright, but it will still show signs of aggression, such as a subdued grimace or growl in your direction shortly after lifting its body off the floor. This behavior will likely never cease, but the number and frequency of beatings you will have to inflict on the zombie to let it know who's boss will surely decrease over time.

Phase 3

Impossible as it may be to stop your slave from showing all signs of aggression, by now its bark will be worse than its bite (unless it actually *does* up and bite you; then you're fucked), and it should not try attacking again for a good hour or two.

However, it is now time to let your pet know who is the real boss in this relationship.

You need to put up with your slave's constant insubordination up until this point of training. By now the zombie is afraid to attack you, but not afraid to let you know that it still wants to. Any sign of hostility from here on out, therefore, will need to be repressed immediately. If it growls or even just gives you a look you don't appreciate, promptly beat it to the floor. Wait for it to rise and begin testing its boundaries once again. If it even so much as dares to make eye contact with you, you raise your hand and pimp slap that bitch!

Again, get out your stopwatch. Only now you will be waiting for twenty minute intervals before giving rewards for obedience. Continue this process until your zombie learns to keep its mouth shut and its hands to itself for at least three hours.

Phase 4

By now the zombie is ready to feed from your hand. From this point on, in fact, you should always feed the creature by hand. This establishes your dominance, a certain level of trust, and gives you the role of provider in the zombie's primitive mind.

Feed your creature three times a day in six hour intervals. I recommend breakfast at 6AM, lunch at 12PM, and dinner at 6PM. It is recommended to feed in small portions and regular intervals for two reasons: One, this will condition the creature to suppress its hunger and not attack you, as it will know that its next meal is always right around the corner (provided it behaves), and two, small portions will keep your slave weak and prohibit its stomach from exploding.

Remember though that zombies will never fully stop thirsting for your brains. By following the intense training regimen outlined above, this urge can be powerfully suppressed, much like homosexual desire, but the hunger never completely goes away.

In any instance where your slave begins to show renewed signs of aggression, lay it flat on its back with a punishing blow to the face. Any time it murmurs “brains,” flip its fucking switch off with a savage kick to the ribs.

Remember, although repeatedly referenced as a pet in the preceding discussion, this creature is not truly your pet. Do not develop feelings for it, show it any signs of love, or let it roam without chains, no matter how obedient it proves itself to be. It is not a pet; it is a slave. And, to quote Slayer, whenever any signs of insubordination resurface, “a beating beyond reprisal” is perfectly justified.

Keep in mind that zombie slaves are still zombies, however, and therefore are not all that bright. They can be trained to do simple tasks of manual labor, such as dragging a plow, splitting wood, or reprising any role that Keanu Reeves' has ever “acted” in one of his “films,” but you will have to understand its limitations. You will not be able to teach it rocket science, for instance, though why you

would even think to try such a stupid thing is a pretty good fucking question!

It should be noted that, in addition to menial labor, zombies slaves can also be used in a form of asymmetrical guerrilla warfare. If your squad suddenly finds itself surrounded by an unending zombie onslaught, use your concubine to inflict casualties upon the encroaching horde by strapping it head to toe with pipe bombs and releasing it into the advancing army of undead. As it assimilates into the ranks of your foes, it will be accepted without question.

When it migrates into the center of the advance, sacrifice your Trojan horse by hitting the detonator button. The exploding shrapnel will cause a cascading rain of blood and limbs, creating a large enough diversion to allow your group to escape.

Phase 5

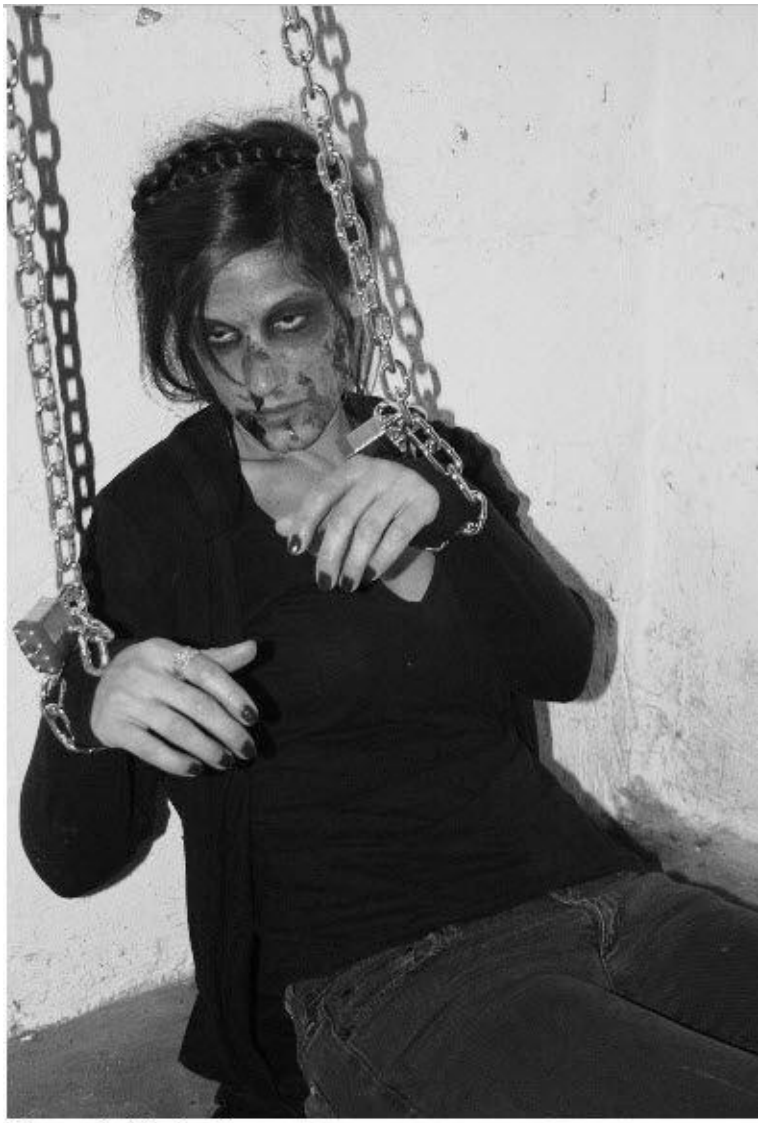
On second thought, it may be easier just to train your zombie servants with the use of a simple shock collar. Any time it tries to bite you, just give it a zap! Some folks might find these training tools inhumane, but they will definitely save you a lot of sweat in correcting bad behavior!

Why the hell didn't I think of this sooner?

Phase 1: Hit the creature as soon as it attacks.

Phase 2: Wait for signs of passiveness and begin rewarding.

Phase 3: Punish weak signs of aggression and mild attacks.



Phase 4: Total submission.

Phase 4: Begin hand feeding, notice its submissive posture.

Here are some useful tasks you can train your zombies to do:

Play video games & Help out in the kitchen

Grilling brains or Chauffeuring perhaps

Chapter 8

Zombie Reproduction

But before I go, there's one more thing I need to tell you: Zombies do not reproduce the way humans do – just thought you should know.

Human to Human Relations

Human reproduction is actually quite complex, making it nearly impossible for some of the larger, dumber males of the species. Female humanoids, on the other hand, are still able to procreate even if they look like a cross between a sea manatee and a donkey. Even the most grotesque of human females can usually find a male to sow her some seed in a time of need. Even if for only one inebriated evening, which will ultimately lead to a lifetime of ridicule for the male involved, reproduction for the female is as simple as falling asleep on a subway train.

If you happen to be one of the many unlucky males out there whom attractive females will only “be friends” with, I have three suggestions for you: Get rich, lower your standards, or turn yourself into a flaming homosexual.

The first of the three is very difficult, though certainly attainable through a certain combination of luck, skill, and hard work. If you do manage to accomplish getting rich, decorate yourself with the extravagance of a peacock in the finest clothes, fastest cars, and the most luxurious of dwellings money can buy. Your nerdy tendencies will suddenly become cute signs of eccentric intelligence. Your obese physique, once repulsive to behold, will become equated with protection and warmth on cold, lonely nights. Your missing teeth and cavity riddled chompers will still be hideous, though. Get your nasty mouth to a dentist and fix your grill! If nothing less, the possibility of owning half your shit will easily entice some of the most beautiful women in the world to let you squirm around on top of them for at least two minutes or so.

Lowering your standards is probably the shortest and easiest path to the great axe wound between a woman’s legs. Although difficult for some at first, all you really need to do is go to a major meat market of a bar and consume spirits until your standards mystically evaporate. This will help you to approach females in the first place, whatever they look like, as alcohol magically lowers your inhibitions as well.

When you first approach your potential victim (I mean *the female*), do so with a cocky attitude. Women for some reason love assholes, and if you’re drunk enough, you won’t even have to pretend that you are one! Let the inner alpha male inside you do the talking. Drop your voice a couple of octaves and affect a sexy rasp or Irish brogue. Inform this woman that you would like to ride her like

a gazelle that you just got out of prison for arson. It was a mistake though – in actuality you were trying to rescue a baby from a burning building, but unfortunately were unable to complete the task. These events left you emotionally scarred, and combined with the fact that you had to kill two skinheads to save yourself from ass rape in prison, you're really just looking for a warm hole to pound away your troubles in. Trust me, she'll appreciate your honesty!

The third option, well, let's just say that it's going to be a bit difficult if you're not already gay. I personally have never desired a man's hands to gently finger my butt hole; the thought is actually quite repulsive to me. However, if you *have* gone through life imagining what it's like to finger your best buddy, then you are gay, and it's not a problem and it's not your fault. If you really want to go bang a dude, then go bang a dude, dude.

Or, you can go through the rest of your miserable life wondering why no women want to sleep with your homo ass. If you are stuck in this mode of existence, then my advice is to immediately go to the nearest highway rest stop and jerk off some freaky trucker. Just admit you're gay, and move on.

Not to offend any homosexuals out there, but if you feel the need to go tanning and dye your hair, then you are gay. Even if you bang the hottest of women, real men do not care about their skin tone or hair style. If you are so insecure that you need to partake in either one of these homoerotic activities, then you are gay. Not the man-on-man variety of gay, but straight man gay – the gayest of all gays. Do the rest of the world a favor and tan your narcissistic self to death.

Zombie to Zombie Relations

By contrast you have zombies, who technically don't procreate at all. They do not even consummate most of the time, though I'll bet it would be pretty hot if they did... No, there are no candlelit dinners or highly expensive nights out on the town in the never ending race for pussy in the world of the undead. Something about being a brain-obsessed zombie just sucks the sex drive right out of you, I guess…

They do recreate, however, but only through acts of pure, unadulterated violence. Their primal need to spread zombism explodes through unprovoked bloodshed that relies upon sympathetic helpers, drawn into the creature's grasp, or those unable to defend themselves from the massive, rapidly multiplying hordes spreading undeath all across the land.

The only known way for zombism to spread/reproduce itself is through the direct transfer of zombie saliva or blood into the human blood stream. If you or anyone around you is bitten in the head, neck, or trunk regions, then you are sadly destined to become a zombie yourself within about twenty three hours.

However, if you are only bitten on one of your limbs, then there *is* one (albeit unconfirmed) way to potentially stop yourself from turning. Although only a credit card or sexual favors can get you out of a Mexican jail, the one that alcohol likely landed your gringo ass in to begin with, *alcohol* might actually be the only thing that can save you in instances of zombie bite. It has been said that getting hammered drunk provides a good chance of killing the parasite/infection before it reaches your brain and completes your transformation. Just as getting obliterated in Mexico will stave off "Montezuma's revenge" and keep the parasitic bacteria from infecting your bowls, achieving a blood-alcohol content of 0.3 or higher might be your only chance of surviving a zombism infection. Not that you needed more of an excuse to drink or anything, but…

Alcohol, though relatively well-tolerated within the complexities of the human body, tends to wreak havoc when a single-celled organism comes in contact with it. As a result, viruses and germs left swimming in it quickly die.

You will need to get drunk. Not the amateur hour *I am gonna drink some beers and make sexual advances on that fat chick at the end of the bar* drunk. I mean

drinking until you try to fight your friends, get your ass beat by your friends for being such a dick, then hugging and making up with your friends only to try to fight them again while winking at the fat girl at the end of the bar.

If you're still animated, you're not drunk enough. You need to devolve your body and brain functions into a near-comatose state; only then will you be intoxicated enough to have any chance of surviving. If you have only puked once or twice, that is not anywhere close to the level of inebriation you'll need to achieve catharsis of the zombie virus. Drink until you literally think you are going to die. Hopefully you have a good group of friends with you, ones who will excuse your obvious and pathetic designs on their girlfriends and continue feeding you tequila shots until you become a truly worthless pile of shit.

Although you will be incapable of knowing it or anything else at the time, by now you will be quite done. It is only a matter of time now before you wake up in the morning, feeling like you just got run over by a freight train, puking and shitting any remnants of nutrients or parasites left in your body. But, if the alcohol treatment was invoked early enough, at least you will not have joined the ranks of the undead (though it may be hard to tell the difference for a while). Any foreign pathogen in your blood stream will have been destroyed, along with damn near everything else in there, and the only thing that will have reached your brain is the need to apologize profusely to everyone who had the misfortune of running into you the night before.

Human to Zombie Relations

DO NOT HAVE SEX WITH ZOMBIES!!! Just in case you did not read that first sentence, DO NOT HAVE SEX WITH ZOMBIES!!!

We do not know what causes zombism in each and every case. Although the cause is widely accepted to be some form of blood-borne parasite in most cases, this is not confirmed to be the sole method of transmission. So do not endanger yourself and inadvertently contract zombism through other forms of intimate contact.

Let us face some cold hard facts here. Angie K from down the street did not want to fuck you in high school, and she certainly doesn't want to fuck you now that you've made such an awesome success of yourself. Since she is not even Angie anymore – she is a zombie – all she wants to do is devour your brains. Not your *chicken's* brain, dipshit! She wants to devour your *brain* brain!

Do not, I repeat DO NOT give into the temptation to ride her undead ass like a gazelle, no matter how fresh she still appears to be. But if you absolutely must insist on sampling this forbidden fruit, at least make sure you use protection – and that includes a helmet for *both* your heads!

The elusive gazelle; do not have sex with it.

This all being said, there are some of you, like me, who probably will end up having sexual relations with a zombie at some point before law and order are restored. After all, it could take a long ass time! Beside, telling a lonely man not to have sex with a zombie is like telling high school kids not to have sex with middle school students, simply by throwing a bible at them and hoping that they're brainwashed to the point where they can resist their primal urges. This is a practice that has been turning white people into serial killers for thousands of years already, and it really needs to stop.

Rather, we should use education as a tool of prevention in the fight to keep zombism from spreading. First of all, if you are completely unable to resist that

rotten zombie vag, use a condom. This may spoil half the fun, but if you'd rather not become a zombie yourself, it is probably a good idea. My Dad lied to me when he told me that sex feels the same with or without a condom when I was just a pubescent child. I wouldn't try doing that to you, faithful reader.

It is possible that compulsive masturbation caused a callus to form on my mushroom tip early on in life, thus making sexual sensitivity impossible through a membrane of latex. Or it is possible that wearing a condom straight sucks, but alas, it is an unfortunate necessity of our times. Either way, wrap that rascal if you're gonna go trawling for tainted tuna!

The second safety measure one needs to take when endeavoring to fuck a zombie is securing their gnashing, biting head before mounting them. Although transmission of zombism through sexual fluids is unconfirmed, being bitten by a zombie is a proven way spread the plague. Luckily, there are several precautions one can take here.

This first involves securing a football helmet to the head of the creature. Or, as stated in the previous chapter, you can use a kinky fetish gag, depending on how attractive or unattractive you find Brett Favre. Also, using a helmet will help to keep the face of your zombie lover intact, at least, preserving whatever beauty it has left until it eventually rots away on its own.

The second method is rather violent and bloody by comparison, as you will need to remove all of the teeth from your zombie fuck slave's mouth. You may have already accomplished this during the initial training through punishing blows to the face. If this is the case, then you may just want to leave things as they are, as most of the work has already been done. If not, then get yourself a pair of pliers and a vice grip, strap your baby down to the work bench, and start pulling. You do not need to remove the roots of the teeth, just the part protruding from the gums. If the tooth shatters without removing the root, that's okay.

Whether you want to employ a helmet or not, removing the teeth has the obvious advantage of opening the gates to oral sex as well. As it turns out, you lose your gag reflex altogether when you die, so…

It should be noted that this amateur oral surgery is also relatively harmless to your zombie. Zombies do not need their teeth at all, actually, as their primary diet is brains, which are about as soft and squishy as the other thing you're going

to put in there anyway.

Chapter 9

The Zombie King

Now that you know the basic *and* advanced techniques for dealing with all things pertaining to zombies and zombism, you are well on your way to ruling

own your personal post-outbreak world, like the true king that you are! Take me for instance: My crew all died on the last beer-run reconnaissance mission, but I managed to escape with loads of alcohol and a husky zombie slave I named Sandy. We are currently holed up together in a somewhat dilapidated mansion on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, on a hill overlooking the beach.

My days are pretty relaxed for the most part. I taught Sandy how to chop wood, make coffee, and do the dishes, so my life is relatively labor free. On a typical morning, I awake to the smell of Sandy's terribly strong coffee, grab a cup, then go out on the back porch where I disrobe and jack off while Sandy plays with my ass. It's not a bad life, really, except that I failed to follow my own advice, given in the previous chapter, and remove all of Sandy's teeth... Today, she *bit* me on the ass during our usual morning routine!

I had to smack her around a bit, just to suppress her feeding instincts some, but I wasn't really that mad at her though. I mean, if you play in the mud, you're gonna get dirty, right? Plus, I kinda needed an excuse to start drinking before noon anyways.

Although I live a king's life, without human companionship I fear that I may be going a little insane. Truthfully, the only real reason I'm writing this book is to help keep myself from losing my mind completely. But seeing as how that prospect grows dimmer and dimmer with each day, I suppose I might as well make this the final chapter.

Sandy is bound in chains and glaring at me from across the room. She's pissed at me because I started drinking thirty minutes after waking up again. She must have seen me pour some brandy into that nasty ass cup of coffee she made.

"What the fuck do you *expect* me to do, Sandy! I *have* to start drinking this early because you fucking bit me again!"

I swear to god I'm replacing her with the next fat chick zombie I come across. In the meantime, I need to get good and drunk!

She's probably thinking to herself right now, how she probably could've gotten a better boyfriend if she'd only not been zombified. Shit, I guess I'd better apologize…

"I'm sorry Sandy, I didn't mean to yell. It's just that when you bite me I literally

have to start drinking to stop myself from turning into a zombie, okay? You don't want that to happen now, do you? Who's gonna lay down the pipeline if I turn? You understand, don’t you baby?”

She understands. I can tell by the way she softly murmurs “brains,” as I take her in my arms, that she still truly loves me.

…

…

…

“Owww!!! You *bitch!!!*”

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